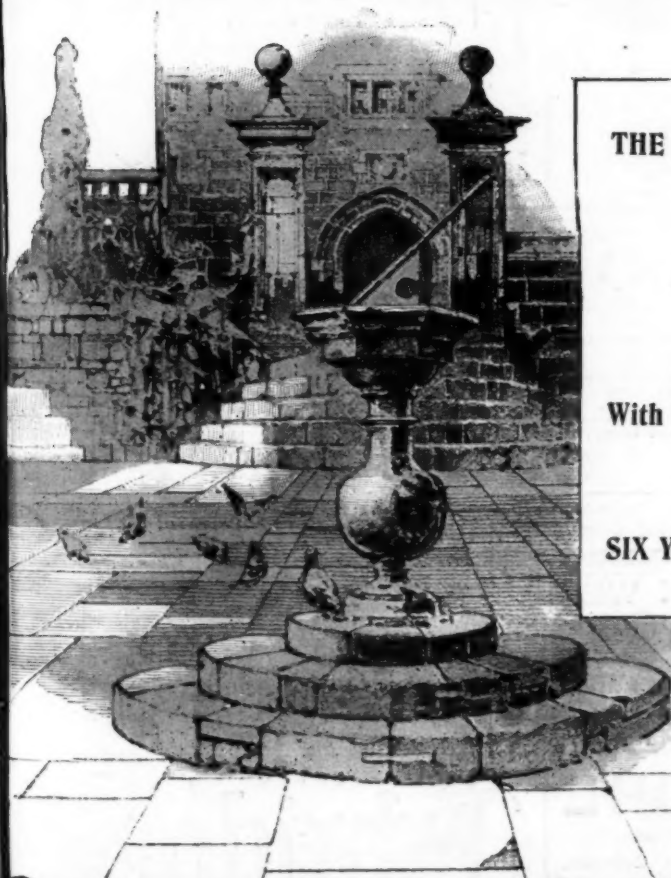


THE LEISURE HOUR

An Illustrated Magazine
for HOME READING



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SIX YEARS AT THE RUSSIAN COURT.

HERBERT RAILTON 1904

SEPTEMBER 1905

4, Bouverie St.
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SIXPENCE

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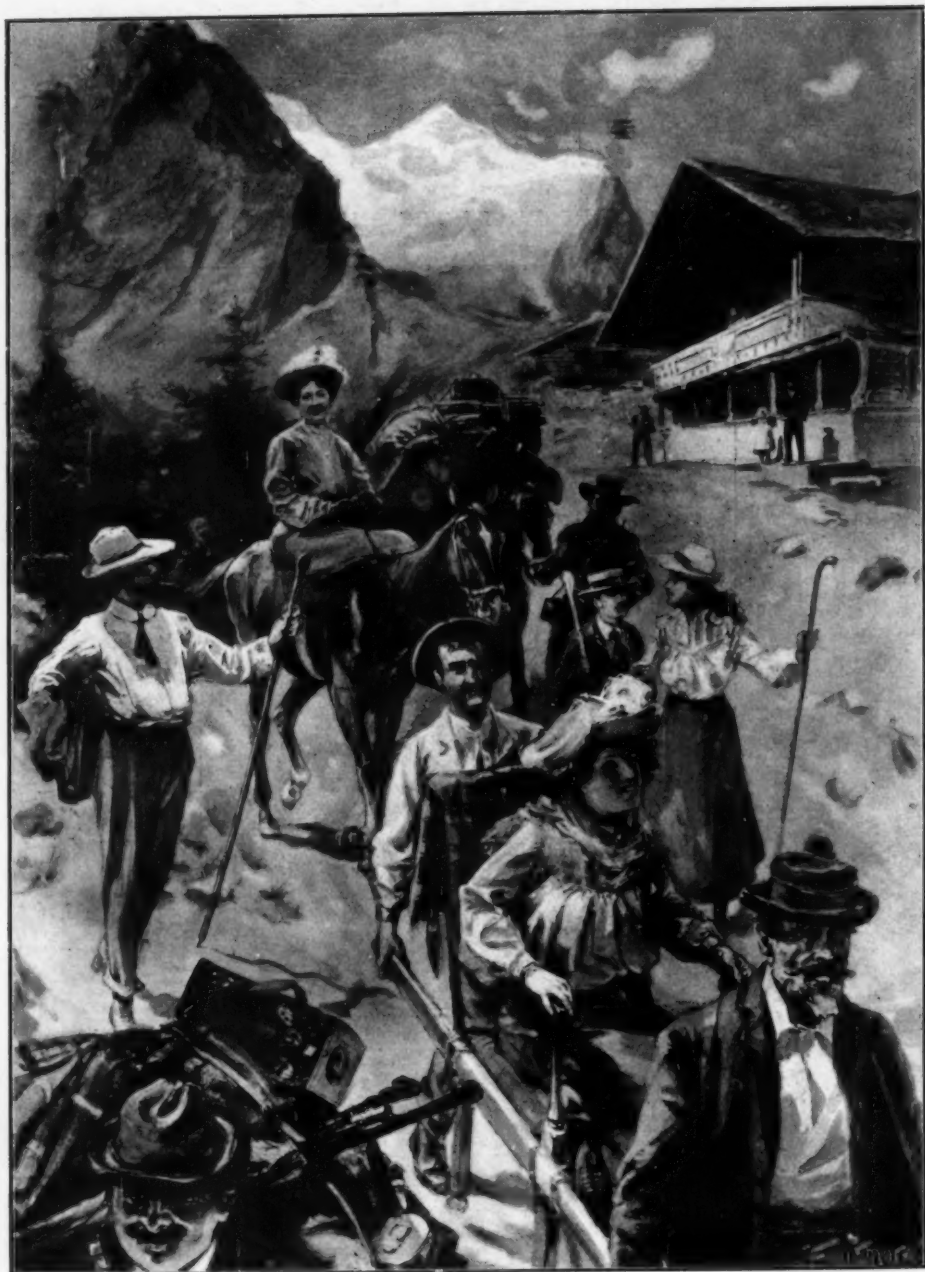
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OVERHEARD IN THE CHANNEL



"OH, *THAT'S* WHY THE BOAT GOES DOWN SO MUCH ON
ONE SIDE, THEN, MUMMY!"



THE HOLIDAY SEASON
TOURING IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS



KING EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER IS RECOGNISED AS THE MOST SKILFUL OF DIPLOMATISTS

His Majesty is seated between the King and Queen of Portugal, and immediately behind stands the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Ambassador. Other easily-recognised figures are the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Victoria and the Duke of Connaught.

(Photo by Hills & Saunders.)

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS IN LONDON

BY MARIE A. BELLOC

IT may be doubted whether there is any more delightful profession in the world than diplomacy, especially the higher branches of it. It gives an absolutely unassailable social position, intercourse with the most cultivated and amusing people in various countries, and work of the greatest interest and importance, which yet, especially now that there is always the Foreign Minister at the other end of the telegraph wire, is not such as to crush the doer of it with an undue weight of responsibility.

Old Lord Malmesbury, one of the shrewdest Foreign Ministers that England ever had, once advised a youthful diplomatist who asked for counsel, "Always keep your back to the light and learn to take snuff." Although now-a-days diplomacy is apt to put on an appearance of extreme frankness, it may be suspected that the

cynical old statesman's advice is, in spirit at any rate, by no means so much out of date as the letter of it is in regard to snuff-taking.

The privileges of an Ambassador or Minister are very great. The Embassy or Legation is deemed to be actually part of the soil of the country which is represented there, and his Excellency, together with his wife and his official staff, are protected from all legal process, whether civil or criminal. It is interesting to recall now that Peter the Great's Ambassador was actually arrested and taken out of his coach in London for a debt of fifty pounds. Naturally there was what we should now call a crisis, and the Tsar Peter demanded that the Sheriff of Middlesex and the others concerned should be punished with instant death. His Majesty was not, however, so far indulged, but an Act of Parliament was

The Diplomatic Corps in London

passed to prevent such occurrences, and the Tsar received a beautifully-illuminated copy of the measure.

The wives of Ambassadors also have certain privileges. For instance, if an interesting event occurs at an Embassy or a Legation, it is customary for the sovereign to whose Court the happy father is accredited to stand sponsor to the infant. It may be shrewdly suspected, however, that some of the Ambassadors at any rate, that is to say the extravagant ones, value more highly the privilege of running up unlimited bills, and also, perhaps it may be whispered, the absolute freedom enjoyed by the ambassadorial luggage from awkward custom-house inspection!

This brief account of the privileges of Ambassadors may be concluded with an amusing dictum laid down by a writer of the age of Louis XIV.—"The moment an Ambassador is dead," he says quite gravely, "he returns into private life."

There can be no doubt that in fact, if not in name, the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James ranks first among all the representatives of foreign Powers, for the rather Hibernian reason that the United States is not regarded as a "foreign"



COUNT BENCKENDORFF, THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

Photo by]

[Press Picture Agency

Power at all, and also on account of the splendid traditions of the American Embassy in London. Men like Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay, and Choate gave a new distinction to the profession of diplomacy in devoting to its service their commanding qualities of heart and intellect, and now their mantle has fallen on one who is in every way a worthy successor to them.

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, schoolmaster, soldier, war-correspondent, editor, newspaper proprietor, cotton planter, politician, diplomatist, has in his time played many parts and played them well. Now it is understood that, in being appointed to the Embassy in London, Mr. Reid has attained what has long been one of his greatest ambitions, and it is not a little curious that he should have received it on the recommendation of the late Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, who was once in his employment as editor of the *New York Tribune*. I suppose that never before has any ex-journalist been able to bestow office, and such an important office, too, on his old proprietor.

Although an intensely patriotic Ohioan, as natives of the Buckeye State love to be called, Mr. Reid is Scotch on both sides, and you can trace the *perfidum ingenium* throughout his career. His father's father missed being a millionaire on account of his reverence for the Sabbath. At the dawn of the nineteenth century the old Scotsman bought several hundred acres of land where the great city of Cincinnati



COUNT METTERNICH, THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR

Photo by]

[Maull & Fox

The Diplomatic Corps in London

now stands, but he sold them again because his ownership compelled him to run a ferry across the Ohio river every day, Sundays and week-days alike. If he had been less conscientious, his brilliant grandson would have inherited millions instead of making them.

Young Whitelaw Reid minded his book at Miami University, and his education was largely literary, and included modern languages as well as the classics. He also "taught school" and was able to pay back to his father the expenses of his senior

year at college. Already he had begun to write, and he was only twenty when he bought the *Xenia News*, in which he heartily supported the republican cause—indeed, his was the first western newspaper, outside Illinois, to advocate the nomination of Lincoln.

But Xenia was too small to hold him; he went to Washington to represent three newspapers, and was on the *Cincinnati Gazette* when the Civil War broke out. Then began the series of exploits which have rendered his name memorable in the



PRESIDENT LOUBET LANDING AT DOVER

Behind him is M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Photo by]

[Fair

The Diplomatic Corps in London

history of war correspondence. He wrote a masterly account of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, being the only correspondent who saw it all through; while of Gettysburg he not only wrote a most brilliant description, but succeeded by hard riding, in the face of great difficulties, in getting it to his newspaper.

Mr. Horace Greeley, in some ways perhaps the greatest American journalist that ever lived, never rested till he had got the young man who did these things on to the *New York Tribune*, of which paper he was destined to become not only editor but also proprietor. After the war there came an interval of cotton planting, but it was not very successful, and Mr. Reid returned to the *Tribune*, for which he did splendid service during the Franco-German War.

For power, authority, literary ability, and hatred of unhealthy sensationalisms, the *Tribune*, under Mr. Whitelaw Reid's control, has made a world-wide reputation. Many an important leading article has he dictated from his well-equipped library at Ophir Hall by telephone direct to the office, but for years he edited the paper very much "on the spot." Perhaps the most dramatic moment in the history of the paper was when one day Colonel John Hay, whom Mr. Reid was accustomed to leave in charge during his absences in Europe, came to him and showed him some verses, saying, "Just look at these; of course you cannot print them." Mr. Reid said he would look at them in proof, and so he did—they were "Little Breeches," and when they appeared in the paper they created a positive *furor*. "Jim Bludso" followed, and the rest of the Pike's County Ballads, until Colonel Hay, in his turn, went off to Europe on a diplomatic mission.

In 1881 Mr. Reid married Miss Elizabeth Mills, daughter of a great Californian banker. Mrs. Reid is a most charming and cultivated lady, and while her husband was American Minister in France, she was universally popular in the city where fair Americans are so particularly appreciated. She is hardly less well known in England, where Mr. Reid was special Ambassador both for the Diamond Jubilee and for the Coronation.

Count Mensdorff, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, occupies a very special position at the Court of St. James because he is related to his Majesty King Edward VII. His grandmother, Princess Sophie of

Dietrichstein, was the eldest sister of the Duchess of Kent, and his Excellency is therefore the King's second cousin. The Count, who was the godson of both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, is also related to the Royal Houses of Russia, Portugal, and Belgium. Count Mensdorff's grandfather was a great soldier who attained the rank of Field-Marshal in the Austrian army, and his Excellency's only sister married the well-known Austrian statesman, Count Apponyi. Their brother, who is a Serene Highness, is Prince von Dietrichstein zu Nicolsburg, a great Austrian magnate, owning vast estates in Bohemia and Moravia.

His Excellency has spent almost the whole of his diplomatic career in England, and on the death of Count Deym last year his appointment to succeed him was generally anticipated. Count Mensdorff, who remains so far a bachelor, is high in favour at Court, and no Royal house-party is complete without him. He is an admirable amateur actor, and has appeared with the greatest success at the Chatsworth theatricals.

The complete change in Anglo-French relations since M. Paul Cambon came to the French Embassy in Albert Gate in the year 1898 is perhaps the most striking testimony to his Excellency's diplomatic ability—indeed, diplomatic ability seems to be a characteristic of the family, for his brother, M. Jules Cambon, has also held more than one important embassy. The new Ambassador became a great favourite in English society. A man of medium height, with carefully-trimmed, pointed beard and moustachios, and wavy hair, now silvery-white, he is undoubtedly one of the handsomest members of the Diplomatic Corps. His clear, blue eyes, and his convenient tortoiseshell-rimmed monocle, are familiar at great public banquets, for which he is in great request, for he is a most polished and graceful speaker. Yet beyond and above everything else is his indefinable personal charm, and his approachableness. M. Cambon is a great lover of English literature, and he counts as a red-letter day the one on which he first met George Meredith. M. Cambon is a widower, his wife, who was a singularly accomplished and charming American lady, having died some years ago.

Count Metternich, the German Ambassador, is a man of distinguished presence,

The Diplomatic Corps in London

and he has the grand air which is so refreshing in these hasty days—indeed, it has been said that he is extraordinarily like Vandyck's famous portrait of Strafford. Although his nickname among his intimate friends is "Lazy Paul," there is abundant reason for believing that under that calm, rather sleepy manner is concealed one of the most alert and active brains now in the service of diplomacy. He is a personal friend of the Kaiser, and he belongs to that

branch of the Metternichs who have had their home for centuries in the Rhineland. Although the Count had prepared for his present office by service as Consul-General at Cairo, and before that as First Secretary to the London Embassy, his appointment to succeed Count Hatzfeldt was not popular in Germany. The Count was a Catholic; the ladies complained that he was a bachelor; even his friendship with the Kaiser was an objection; but

most of all, it was pointed out that he had never sat at the feet of Prince Bismarck. Although his blood is so blue, he is really an excellent business man, and has a profound knowledge of commerce and industry.

What has made Count Metternich particularly popular in the great London world is his passion for hunting and for big game shooting. He used at one time to be constantly out with the Quorn and the Cottesmore; while on one occasion, when staying

at Belvoir Castle with the venerable Duke of Rutland, he was thrown from his horse and narrowly escaped with his life.

The Russian Ambassador, Count Benckendorff, is another Ambassador who is on terms of real intimacy with the sovereign whom he represents so admirably at the Court of St. James. The Benckendorffs have been for generations most faithful servants of the Russian Crown. His Excellency himself springs from a noble family

of Livonia, and he is actually the great-nephew of the redoubtable and brilliant Princess Lieven, the *confidante* of Guizot and the some-time friend and constant enemy of Palmerston. The Ambassador is not much over fifty; he is very tall, broad-shouldered, and yet lithe and active. He married the Countess Sophie Schouvaloff, the daughter of a house famed in the annals of diplomacy, and they celebrated their silver wedding last year. Their Excel-



BARON HAYASHI, THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR, WITH HIS WIFE AND A MEMBER OF HIS STAFF

Photo by]

[Haines

lencies have two sons, who are fighting at the front.

After Russia one thinks naturally of Japan. Viscount Hayashi, who has represented the Mikado at the Court of St. James for the past five years, is a most merry-looking man, with well-defined features and a closely-trimmed white beard. He first came to England as a student at the age of seventeen, but he soon had to return to his native land, where civil war

The Diplomatic Corps in London

had broken out. He backed the losing side and was captured and imprisoned, but afterwards amnestied, and the present dynasty has no more loyal servant.

It is not generally known that his Excellency may be said to have saved the Mikado's life on one occasion when his Majesty was suffering from a mysterious illness. M. Hayashi, who possesses access to a remarkably well-equipped Secret Service, thought he could account for the Emperor's ailment, and he took certain steps, as the result of which an English physician was called in, and his Majesty instantly recovered.

Viscountess Hayashi, who is a lady of the highest rank in Japan, has already be-

our Royal Family upon a footing of real intimacy, and naturally the same personal qualities which recommended him so strongly to Court favour have also opened for him the most exclusive circles of English society.

Twenty years ago this year he came to London as First Secretary of the Portuguese Legation, and was introduced into English society under the wing of Senhor de Sousa Correa, the then Brazilian Minister. In a great measure, no doubt, because of his social success, the Marquis de Soveral has absolutely transformed our relations with his country, which when he came here were decidedly strained. The late Lord Salisbury, who had a very high opinion of

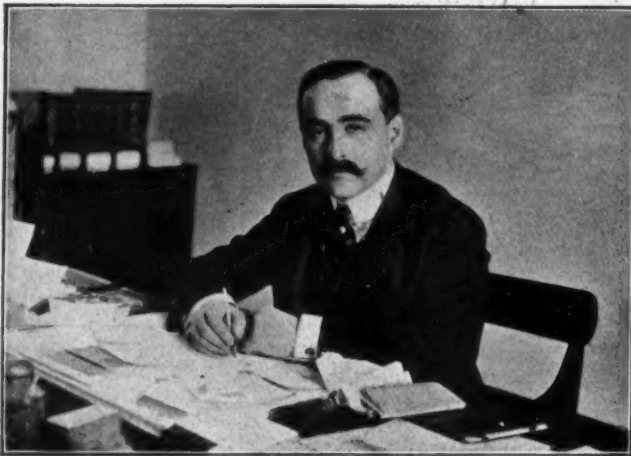
his Excellency, settled with him certain delicate questions connected with the Portuguese possessions in East Africa, and in 1891 Senhor de Soveral was appointed on the spot—a most unusual honour—to be Portuguese Minister.

In 1895, at the urgent summons of his sovereign, who was involved in a difficult Cabinet crisis, the Marquis reluctantly quitted his beloved London and returned to Lisbon as Foreign Minister. In that capacity he had the satisfaction of arranging a disagreement between England and

Brazil regarding the island of Trinidad, and her late Majesty gracefully acknowledged his good offices by creating him an honorary Knight Grand Cross of our great colonial Order of St. Michael and St. George.

In 1897, to his great joy, he was re-appointed Portuguese Minister to the Court of St. James, and was warmly welcomed back to London by his hosts of friends. Some four years ago the King of Portugal conferred a marquisate on him, and more recently King Edward gave him the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

The Marquis de Soveral, while extremely fond of England, is also intensely patriotic, and the story goes that when a number of his friends on one occasion pretended to



COUNT MENSDOFF, THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR

Photo by]

[Haines

come a great favourite in London society. Her daughter is married to one of the most distinguished of Japanese journalists, while her son has shown a great aptitude for scientific study. The Minister and his wife live entirely in European fashion, except on one day of the week, when Japanese cookery and Japanese customs are the rule. His Excellency is believed to be the first foreign Minister to be initiated in an English Lodge of Freemasons—indeed, he is believed to be the first Japanese to become a Freemason at all.

There is no member of the Diplomatic Corps who is regarded with greater favour at the Court of St. James than the Portuguese Minister, the Marquis de Soveral. His Excellency has long been received by

The Diplomatic Corps in London

denounce Portugal as an enemy of this country, his Excellency was with difficulty prevented from challenging each of the practical jokers to mortal combat! Although he is a confirmed bachelor, he is the most gallant of men, a charming companion, and skilled in those *petits soins* which ladies so much appreciate. His affectionate nickname is the "Blue Monkey,"

pany the Prince when he took a cruise off the western coasts of England to recruit, and his Excellency was able to render an important service to Princess Victoria. The Princess liked to land at places of interest and explore in all the happy freedom of *incognita*, but on one occasion her Royal Highness was recognised by some unruly excursionists, and she would have been



THE HON. WHITELAW REID, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Photo by]

[Dupont

he has never been known to say an ill-natured thing, and he is an epicure of the most cultivated taste and discrimination.

As for the Marquis de Soveral's intimacy with the Royal Family, it was most strikingly shown at the time when the King (then Prince of Wales) so seriously injured his knee-cap on Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's staircase at Waddesdon. The genial diplomatist was invited to accom-

panied her if she had not been vigorously protected by her gallant squire, the Portuguese Minister.

At the palaces of the great nobility, such as Chatsworth, Welbeck, and Rufford, no Royal house-party is complete without this entertaining citizen of the world, with his affection for white kid gloves, his racy stories, and his irresistible personal charm.



Stories of a Devonshire Village¹

BY SELWYN KING

IV.—“The Lively Puss”

ELIZABETH MEDDON was well known as the “lively Puss.” She was generally believed to be on the shady side of forty, but from a back view was frequently taken for twenty. Fond of gay colours was Elizabeth, affecting the latest fashions and the most youthful styles, and as she was slender—we will not say thin—it was not until a stranger caught sight of the worn, lined face that he had any idea of her true age.

Her manners, too, strove to keep hold of departed youth, as well as her dress; hence her nickname. Katie Evans’ merriment sat naturally on her as the expression of a glad young heart, but poor Miss Elizabeth’s was a ghastly travesty of youthful exuberance, and only seemed to accentuate her real age. It was, as some one remarked, like a child pinning a bright ribbon on an old worn-out rag doll. Some of the young ones among us were rather inclined to poke fun at Miss Elizabeth, to them she owed her well-known sobriquet, but those of us who knew her story saw the pathetic rather than the humorous in her desperate effort to retain her youth.

Elizabeth had been once a pretty girl, the belle of Tor village, both North and South. Her mother had died when she was quite a child, and her father, a retired merchant captain, was a man noted for his extreme taciturnity, who spoke little to his neighbours, and, if it were possible, even less to his daughter. As Lizzie grew older she kept his house and saw to his clothes, but, beyond a few necessary questions, their meals were taken in solemn silence. At one time Lizzie had tried hard to talk to her father, but had been forced to give up in despair. The single relaxation which he permitted himself from this rule of

silence was during the singing of the hymns at the Sunday morning or evening services. In a strong bass voice he sang or rather roared every word of each hymn, but he would have been of more help to the choir had he not always been just two notes behind everybody else. As he persisted in finishing each verse, he usually had a very short solo at the end. We had grown accustomed to this, but strangers often found it trying to their gravity.

Another habit of his that we failed to appreciate, was his persistence in keeping time with his foot, in a perfectly audible manner. Visitors to the chapel were apt to imagine that the village carpenter and undertaker, who lived next door, was hard at work upon a speedily required coffin.

The quietude and monotony of her home life had apparently no depressing effect on Lizzie, so it was no wonder that so pretty a girl had many “followers,” but she flirted impartially with them all, until handsome Dick Braund, mate of a coasting schooner, came to Tor.

It was not long before Dick made Lizzie’s acquaintance, and in still less time he had made up his mind to marry her, and announced his intention to the young men who gathered in the evenings on the quay.

“You may steer clear of Lizzie Meddon, for I mean to board that craft,” it was said with a laugh, but Dick meant it, and they saw he did.

How was Lizzie to withstand his bright smile and gay words? His very contrast to her father attracted her, and very soon it was all plain sailing for Dick, so far as Lizzie herself was concerned. But old Captain Meddon hated the sight of him, not that he knew anything against Dick personally, but he was one of those parents who regard it as a grievance for their daughters to be sought by any young man. Dick did not realise how strongly the

¹ Each story in this charming series is complete in itself.

Stories of a Devonshire Village

Captain objected to him, as the old man simply ignored Dick, and persistently refused to speak to him either good or bad.

One evening Lizzie, coming in earlier than usual, found her father sitting in his wooden arm-chair, and, to her surprise, he spoke as soon as he saw her.

"Lizzie, I feel uncommon strange, I believe I've had a stroke. Don't leave me alone, m' maid, again."

Lizzie ran to his side, for in spite of his eccentricities she loved her father.

urged her, if she loved him, to meet him at seven o'clock by the old quarry, as he had to leave Tor in a few days.

"If you do not come," went on the note, "I shall know you have only been flirting with me, as you have done with others, and I shall leave to-morrow, but I don't believe that of you, so you will come, my dear, will you not?"

And she *could not go*! That was what she said to herself over and over again. She loved Dick, oh yes, only God and



"NO, NO," SAID LIZZIE SOOTHINGLY, "I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU, FATHER"

"No, no," she said soothingly, "I'll never leave you," and the Captain held her hand, and seemed content.

After a little silence she persuaded him to let her fetch a neighbour and the doctor, and with some difficulty the old man was got to bed.

The doctor spoke out plainly when alone with Lizzie.

"Most probably he will live for years, but he'll never rise from his bed again."

Then it was that the great struggle of Lizzie Meddon's life began. The very next evening a note was sent her by Dick. It

herself knew *how* she loved him, but her father!—she could not leave him, she had given her promise. She knew quite well what Dick wanted, he had more than once hinted at a speedy marriage, and if she saw him she would give way, she could not resist his words and looks, she knew, and she also knew that she could not do her duty to both father and husband under existing circumstances. No, it was clear she could not go; she must not see him; but when the evening came her feet felt as if they *would* take her out of the house even against her will. With a little

Stories of a Devonshire Village

moaning cry she fled to her father's room. Her father lay asleep, and she stood with her eyes fixed on his face, set her teeth firmly, and held the back of a chair until the blue veins stood out on the little hands, determined to keep herself from going to the man she loved. She was never conscious how long she stood there, until a neighbour's voice roused her.

"Dear heart! Lizzie, all in the dark! Have 'ee settled your father for the night, m' maid?"

Lizzie glanced at the clock, and saw it was half-past eight. A strange weak feeling came over her as she sank helplessly into a chair. The neighbour put Lizzie's weakness down to her father's illness, helped her to bed, and stayed the night with her father, but that night graved lines on Lizzie's fair face sad to see in one so young.

Next day all Tor knew Dick Braund had sailed in the *Bonito*. At first Lizzie had half unconsciously expected another note, but none came, not even a farewell message, or a word of reproach, so she "took up the burden of life again," and clung the closer to her father. "But the pity of it!" The doctor had made a mistake, the Captain had another stroke following closely on the first, and died before Dick Braund had been gone a fortnight. It seemed as if Lizzie's sacrifice had been useless, and to Mrs. Friendship, her sole confidante, the girl poured out her first rebellious feeling. "Why didn't I know? Couldn't God have told me somehow? Why was I allowed to spoil all my life when it wasn't necessary?"

Mrs. Friendship said no word of reproof, she only took the girl into her motherly arms, and soothed and petted her as if she had been a child, until the bitterness melted into tears. Dick would be back in a year, and then all could be explained to him.

In that hope Lizzie waited patiently and almost cheerfully, but when at last the *Bonito* came over bar, Dick Braund was not in her. "Only shipped to our first port of call, and then went off to Sydney. Think he went to the South Seas, but am not sure. Only know he said he should never come back to Tor again," was the captain's report when Mrs. Friendship made inquiries.

The years passed by, many had forgotten Dick Braund. Lizzie alone still had faith

in him, and at last, when every one else had lost their interest in his fate, news came.

A ship coming from the South Seas reported landing a boat's crew on a lonely uninhabited island to get water. In their search for a stream or spring the men came upon a small hut, and in the hut the skeleton of a man. A small piece of wood fixed on the wall of the hut bore a name and date roughly cut in it. The name was Richard Braund, and the date about two years after he left Tor. By the skeleton was found a small book, which was forwarded by the owners of the barque to Lizzie Meddon, whose name and address was found in it. It was a little birthday text-book, the only present Lizzie had ever given to Dick, and besides her name and address, which were in his handwriting, he had underlined deeply one text, "In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me." It was Dick's last message to Lizzie, and so her long suspense came to an end.

Poor Lizzie took the trouble in a way that was unexpected by the good people of Tor. She did not fall ill, or grow quiet; on the contrary, some of the elders thought she began to show signs of an unbecoming levity, as she appeared to shrivel up almost suddenly into an elderly woman, but it was in reality only the beginning of Lizzie's struggle to stay departing youth. Once Mrs. Friendship ventured to gently remonstrate with her about her dress, but Lizzie's dark eyes looked reproachfully at her as she replied—

"Dick liked me to dress in pretty colours, and they don't grow old in heaven, so he must still like them, and I do want to keep as young as ever I can, so he will know me again, and not be disappointed in me."

"Ah, m' tender," said Mrs. Friendship, "keep your heart young and tender, and Dick will know you fast enough; never mind the dress."

But on this point Lizzie was obdurate: "It helped to make her *feel* younger," she said.

Had we all been as faithful, the world would be better than it is. When a few years later I stood with others beside Miss Elizabeth's open grave, I thanked God that her long waiting was at an end, and that her life-sacrifice had blossomed into beauty and fragrance.

A CYCLE RUN TO ROME

BY FRED. HASTINGS

AUTHOR OF "SPINS OF THE CYCLING PARSON"

"HURRAH, I have a cabin to myself!"

This was my exclamation as I took my berth on board one of those steamships that run from Southampton to Havre. I had recollections of my last journey to Dieppe in the night-boat, when I could only get a resting-place in a saloon crowded with those whose snoring or whose *mal-de-mer* groanings made my journey a pain. Now, having a cabin to myself I can undress, and get to sleep before we get out of smooth water.

Liseaux attracts me. I have been reading lately a most interesting volume on the cathedrals of Northern France, and it spoke so highly of that at Liseaux that I went a little out of my way to see it. Then I shot down to Chartres to have another view of the cathedral. This is my third visit, and the building seems more marvellous than ever. But to wander in those sleepy, quaint streets and along by its river is indeed a renewed delight.

I was thirsty at one point between the two towns and went to a farm-house to get some milk. I was asked to step in, and it greatly interested the farmer and his wife to watch me boil the milk in my aluminium folding saucepan, and to see me put in my infusing spoon with tea. I told them that was the best drink for a cyclist. Ah, *thé-au-lait*, yes, better than *café-au-lait*.

"Would I like a little bread?"

I assented, and produced my other small aluminium tin filled with butter.

The farmer thought I had something better than the butter of the country and therefore carried it. He said, "Is that as good as margarine?"

Then passing through any small town one would be sure to spy out a shop where *charcuterie* would be sold, and a good cooked piece of ham, or pork, or of gelatine, could be obtained. This could be enjoyed, with some sweet French rolls, on the most inviting shady mossy bank or parapet of a bridge at some distance from the town. Ah! such alfresco meals were far more appetising than the dinner I would get every evening at the hotel before going to rest.

At one place I made my early morning tea at a village pump.

At another place I bought some eggs, intending to make an omelet further on, but the woman offered to boil them for me. This she did in an earthen jar among the wood ash.

Dreux was delightful, with its many quaint houses intermingling with the chromes and vermilions of a profusion of flowering plants. Just outside I might have come to grief, for somehow the bolt had dropped out of the handle of my back rim-brake. Fortunately the front brake acted and the level was reached without damage. It is the danger of these little things that, spite of its extra ease, makes me sometimes nervous about the free wheel.

At one place where I found a delightful resting-place for the night I was seated outside enjoying the balmy air and scene.



HE EXPLAINED THAT HE WAS AN AGENT IN ADVANCE
FOR A CIRCUS COMPANY

A Cycle Run to Rome

An old villager was seated on another form. Up came two mounted gendarmes, who were seeking a deserter. The old man did not like the close questioning and strongly protested that he knew not where the soldier was. The whole scene was dramatic, the mounted officials, the animated old man all silhouetted against a brilliant sky.

On I went to see the place where Coligny, the martyred admiral, was born. The Huguenot blood in me always stirs at the mention of his name.

At Bonny opposite to me at the *table d'hôte* was a landed proprietor who had a large motor. He lived in Paris, but was going about seventy kilometres further to see his estate. We entered in close talk on the social state of France and he invited me to go on with him. He could carry my cycle as well. Would I come and see his farm, for "it was quite in the direction I wished to take"?

I had to decline with all the grace I could. The next morning as we took our coffee together I said "I thought the cycle had better carry me."

"Then another time, I hope, monsieur."

Outside Gonsse I saw an old man trudging along under a very heavy load, one made up of many diverse packages. The sun was brilliant. I posted myself against a tree for a snap-shot. He saw my move, and I explained. He posed, and was surprised that it was all over so quickly. I offered him a tip for his trouble.

"No, thank you, monsieur, I can play yet. I live by playing musical bells. I go from place to place, and sleep often in the open air. What matter? I am an old soldier! I was wounded at Marengo, where I fought for the Emperor, and now I play my bells that I may eat and drink."

"Well, let me pay you for the tune I shall not hear."

At *table d'hôte* that day I met with one who wore the most remarkable hat I have seen. Others at the table who soon were *en rapport* with him jokingly referred to it. He explained that he was an agent in advance for a circus menagerie. He too had been a soldier during the Franco-German war, had been shot in the mouth, and on recovery took to his present style of life.

On I went through one picturesque town after another and found my way to Paray-le-Monial, visited the shrine of the one who is called the "Bienheureuse," but who is not yet sainted by the Church. The old abbey

itself is well worth a visit, it is so massive; but the little sanctuary where Marguerite de l'Acogne had her vision is just one blaze of colour.

Going from Charolle a doctor on a cycle overtook me, and rode by my side some distance. A "Pedersen" was new to him. He had never seen one, had ridden his own for ten years.

"Yours goes alone."

Soon we were talking on politics, then on the Church, then on its opposition to the republic. "Religion we have none," said he. "It is driven out of our land. All people here suffer from unrest of spirit. You say peace in the heart is possible. I am full of discontent. There is no peace. I do my work, but have no aim, no enthusiasm. Death will come soon."

Macon is larger than I thought, and splendidly placed on the Rhone, but one chateau, that of De Breeze, attracted my pencil!

To Bourg I made my way purposely to see the Chapel de Bourg, which, although about four hundred years old, looks as if it had just passed from under the mason's hand. It reminded me of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In it is seen the place where the Duc de Guise could sit by a large wood fire and yet through a "squint" of great decoration and size see the priest at the altar. He who made really religious people most uncomfortable by his persecutions, evidently took his religious observance forms as comfortably as possible.

At Pont d'Ain, owing to some manœuvres, every hotel was filled with soldiers and officers. I managed, however, to get a bedroom, and somehow the landlady managed to give me some dinner. She apologised for having to serve it where she and her husband and child usually slept. I looked not at the beds but at the food, for it was late and I was hungry. Fish, boiled sausage, pork, veal, spinach, and cheese served under such circumstances was to me a wonder. The soldiers could be heard singing incessantly.

One soldier said, rubbing his two fingers, "We get no money for all this work; I would rather be on the farm at work for the old mother."

In the morning at four the soldiers were aroused and marched off, far more heavily laden than was my cycle. They had a long tramp before any breakfast. I was better off.

A Cycle Run to Rome

The rain was heavy, roads were very slippery. In one place it was like riding on glue. I had passed the great silk factories where all was clean, and came to a place where cement was made. The roads were terrible. My hind wheel would skid, and I made acquaintance with the white glue. Handfuls of wet grass removed some of the stickfast stuff, and plenty of water in my bedroom at Lompineau removed the rest.

Saturday evening, half-past seven, with a slippery road, it is time to rest. Here I am at a little-known place called Lompineau. Here is a small hotel; I may as well rest under the shadow of the magnificent forest of Sapins du Valromay, or Valley of the Romans. In the morning as I throw open my window I see the villagers coming to the fountain, filling their jars, satisfying the thirsty cattle, and carrying on their gossiping.

The climb to Hautville of about eight miles was rather exhausting. There was not a single release from the effort; but it is just as easy spinning down to Cuoloz. Away to Aix les Bains and its marvellous waters and sedan chairs; then past Modane to Lansleberg just at the foot of Mount Cenis. Yes, there is the snow. I am told that it will be very awkward to pass. Certainly the snow was falling as I went up, and in some places there was only a very narrow track with ten feet of snow on either hand. It was a stiff climb of about eight miles. Spite of my "change-gear" I could cycle but very little way. Just as I was passing out of Lansleberg the customs officers wanted to see my *permis de circulation*. I readily produced it, but strangely enough the clerk who made it out at Havre had written 1903 for 1905. The officer spotted it. I thought it was going to give me trouble, but I escaped.

Then on the Italian frontier just as I thought all was right, a customs officer spotted my little photographic case. Questioning. Suspicion. When I said I was a Protestant minister he most kindly let that pass without duty, but he sealed it up so that I might not use it to take snap-shots of the lay of the forts, which he said "are numerous." I ventured to cut that sealed cord when I reached Turin.

The sweep down to Susa was dizzying. The road was like a number of the letter S thrown together. But what ever-extending views and richest colouring in the Piedmont valley! No wonder Turner loved to paint in this land.



PORTERS CONVEYING PATIENTS TO THE BATHS
AT AIX LES BAINS

Rivoli is my first resting-place in Italy. In a quaint auberge the whole style of life seemed at once changed. The stout old landlady and her daughters go on with the cooking, attend to customers, arrange for guest-chambers in a very free and easy way. The cooking was good, the bed only too soft, and linen of the whitest. The market-place in the morning was early thronged. Women stood in rows, at six o'clock, each holding a basket with eggs, butter, live fowls, or small cheeses for sale.

They stood close together, baskets touching, and leaving only a narrow space for customers to stop and haggle. I pitied the poor little fowls tied by the legs, pinched and tossed about prior to passing from one owner to the other, or from the basket to the stew-pot.

In the parish church was seen what I have never seen before, a pulpit on the top of a confessional box. Exhortation could go on above and absolving below.

Turin was only reached over most terrible roads. That which interested me most in Turin was to visit the pastor of the Waldensian church, whom I had aforetime received as a guest. What a hearty welcome he gave me!

A Cycle Run to Rome



I SKETCHED THIS INDUSTRIOUS WOMAN. THE OTHERS SAID "BONO," BUT SHE MURMURED "CATIVA"

On Sunday evening at Genoa the merry-go-rounds were in full swing, and every café seemed to be full. After the heat of the day all the city seemed to get out of doors.

The words of the Turin pastor came to mind as I went over the mountains to Spezia. He said, "You will find it as bad as crossing Mount Cenis." For miles it was too steep for cycling. I was far from any town. At last an old Osteria was espied. "Yes, I could have a bed in a room where another was to sleep." I had to agree to that, as further I could not go, but I managed by a little diplomacy to get that room to myself. Then I went down to share the meal of the farmer-innkeeper and his dependents. A fine old Roman was that man, as he sat with us in a big place that seemed at once barn, cellar, and supper-room. The macaroni soup was good, but the fowl was granitic. Cheese had to be made to do duty for meat.

In the morning I was glad to get companionship on the still upward trudge of four miles, and one woman of the party going to their work was so industrious that she seemed to be knitting all the way. I quietly sketched her. She saw me and would look. Her husband and the others said "Bono," but I think she murmured "Cativa."

The flitting of the fireflies in the vineyards at eventide as I swept through Tuscany brought to mind the journeys in damp-hot Paraguay.

On along by the sea, leaving Leghorn on the right. Roads straight and shadeless, but dusty and rutty. The houses like little castles built for defence.

At Grosseto the whole town was in a state of excitement. People were rushing in masses to the town wall. A balloon was to ascend. I saw it prematurely rush up amid much smoke and then descend rapidly. The people seemed to enjoy more the failure than the success. Men and horses dashed away to pick up the *débris*. It was fortunate the aeronaut was left behind in all the muddle.

After a ride of about thirty miles I was hungry and thirsty. Here is a small café. I am glad to share the mid-day meal of the people or go with only a piece of bread. The vermicelli soup and omelet and cheese were all very good, but I had just opposite to me one the others called "Pio Nono," who was the head of the household. His manners were not over-refined, but he was a study. The way in which he tried to measure me, and continually glared at me, made me take my revenge by trying to bring away a remembrance of him. They told me he had always been called Pio Nono because he was a strong-willed man.

Tully Mony seemed a long way off. Night fell. The roadway was hardly discernible. The fireflies flitted to and fro so much that they were bewildering. The cycle-lamp, alas, somehow refused to burn. But in a quarter of an hour I was secure of a night's lodging and a little food.

Two old Etrurian towns upon which I came were worth the whole ride,—one was Alto de Castro, the other Corneto Tarquinia. How little is heard of them, but both were unique. In the latter the museum of antiquities was crowded with things discovered in that district. Among others was the gold setting for false teeth, with the teeth of fish intermingled with others from men. If this was Etrurian dentistry it was certainly very rough.

Seventy miles more of dreary, shadeless riding will bring me to Rome. For some distance there was the intense blue of the sea, and it seemed to temper the fierceness of the sun, but when that was left behind the heat was terrible. Often the climbs were severe. Still that last day's ride was

A Cycle Run to Rome

finished by four o'clock. I had done about eighty miles in the scorch. Was I enraptured when sighting Rome's dome?

The sight of the low state of the people, even though freed from the dominancy of the Vatican, seemed to check any great exultation as one came in sight of St. Peter's. One asked oneself what must have been the state of the people in the past, when even now many live in mere reed and mud shanties such as the Irish peasantry would despise. It is, however, a rich land, and will, I believe, soon be a happier. Rome is a new city already under the new régime.

I had no expectation that I should see the newly-elected Pope. He came up the aisles of the immense building attended by numbers of Papal functionaries and by the quaintly-attired, yellow and purple Swiss Guards. Almost more than royal pomp was his whose sister is still one of the *contadina* of Venice. He continued all the way to his chair giving by the movement of his hands blessing to the people. I was within a few feet of him twice and could not but note the kindly expression on his face. When he delivered his address it was with force and grace. Beforehand, however, he used vigorously a large red handkerchief, which would blaze out strongly against his white robe.

In the evening it was my hap also to catch a glimpse of the Constitutional King and Queen as they went to witness illuminations in honour of the army. I thought that the people must be perplexed as to which master they must serve, and which king they must honour.

Coming home I had to take to the train. On I went to Florence, to see again the old bridge so much like that which once spanned the Thames; I must sketch it. At Florence one realises again something of the grandeur of the work done by Savonarola.

I had a pleasant cycle ride as far as Prato, where is the most ornate open-air pulpit in the world. Thence I went on to Bologna, Milan, Turin, to Paris.

In the train for some distance I had a most pleasant companion, who spoke English better than I spoke French. He had been well trained in England and had kept up his knowledge by reading English. He had a *Daily Mail* in his hand. This surprised me, as I saw the man was only a corporal. He said, "I have to be a soldier

only another year. It is awkward to have then to start business. The officers make me do much of the writing for the staff. I don't complain because all have to do soldiering."

In another place I had an amusing experience. A shopkeeper ventured to ask to what country I belonged.

"Guess." "Italian?" "No." "Austrian?" "No." "American?" "No." "Hollander?"

"What! a Dutchman!" I cried. "Well, my French must be flat!"

Another asked me if I was a Russian, because all Russians speak French. I said, "Go to Russia and try your French on the *droskymen*. But really am I a Nihilist in appearance?"

"No, no, no; only that Jaeger shirt."

Ah! I understood. Doffing a waistcoat and throwing open my cycle coat gave the perplexing touch.

Now along the banks of the Seine to Havre, another peep at renowned Rouen and then home. The terra-cotta is beginning to vanish from my face, but the strength gained in my brief holiday, I hope, will last me for many months of useful work.



HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN CALLED PIO NONO BECAUSE
HE WAS A STRONG-WILLED MAN



Encampment where photographs of the sun were taken

IN the early days of electric lighting an exhibition was held at the Crystal Palace, where admiring crowds flocked to view the varied manifestations of the new wonder. The building had become a veritable fairy palace, ablaze with a pure soft light, displayed in every form, from the tiny glow-lamps, nestling among fountains and turning their spray into silver, to the powerful arc-lamps which transformed the blackness of night into the broad white light of day. But much more. Here and there the current was diverted into other channels, and made to perform a multitude of different offices. Machinery of all kinds was put in motion. Heating, cooking, photography and a hundred arts were being carried on by the agency of one and the same subtle power. And when all this varied display had been examined, the visitor was conducted to the basement, where the solemn furnaces were aglow, and the air quivered with sullen heat. And then the thought came home how the little world of varied wonder and beauty overhead was simply the outcome and adaptation of that common form of energy which gleamed through the furnace-doors.

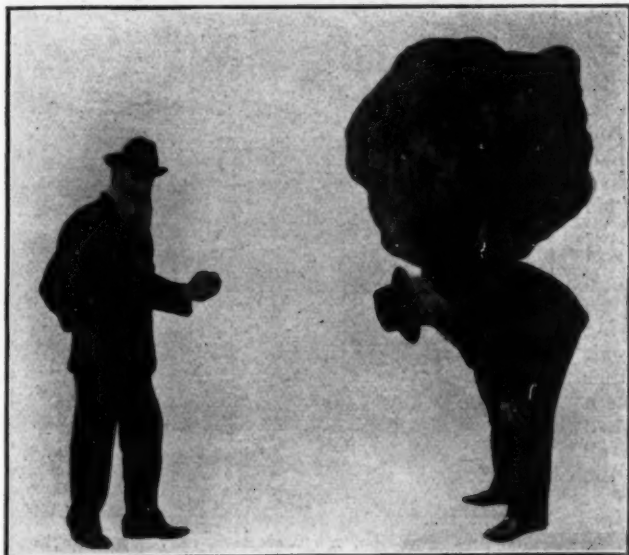
Rightly considered one could see here in miniature a presentment of what is taking place in the great world without. The whole machinery of life, and all that pertains to life on our planet, is but the outcome of one grand source of energy. We gather the fruits of the earth to sustain our being. We behold and revel in the light of heaven, we bask in the genial

warmth of summer, and gather round the blazing logs on winter nights. We feast our eyes on the beauties of Nature—the verdant fields and forests, the waterfalls, the cloud-forms in the blue vault above. By the magic power of steam we speed across the breadth of continents and traverse the wide ocean by the aid of the winds of heaven. And then when we pause to consider we trace the source of all simply to that great furnace-fire, the sun, which hourly manifests his might in these and a thousand other ways.

Here too science has shown us how we may look through a chink in that mighty furnace-door, and catch a glimpse of what is taking place within. Let us follow a little way along the path of discovery, and in imagination approach our great luminary. His mean distance from us we know accurately enough to be about ninety-two million miles; but what is a million? How can we get an idea of it? If a courtyard twenty-eight yards square were paved with halfpence, about a million halfpence would be lying there. Listen to a clock ticking seconds. You would have to listen on day and night for eleven days and a half before it would have ticked out a million.

But perhaps we may be able to think of a better example. In walking a mile you take about two thousand paces, and so in a five-mile walk, *i.e.* in an hour or so, if you went on counting your footfalls, they would have reached ten thousand. Continue this a hundred times over; *i.e.* walk

Radium and the Sun



A BODY WEIGHING ONLY A FEW GRAINS ON THE EARTH WOULD WEIGH A COUPLE OF HUNDREDWEIGHT ON THE SUN

all the way from Hyde Park Corner to the market-place at Inverness, and you will have made a million paces. But once again imagine that at each pace, instead of going a short yard you were enabled to make a giant stride of a whole mile; then by the time that as an ordinary man you had reached Inverness you would as a giant have nearly reached the moon. Yet even so, try and conceive it, you would have made but a one day's march out of a year's journey towards reaching the sun.

Lord Grimthorpe, neglecting the sun's pull on the earth, made the following interesting calculation—"If the earth were a cannon-ball shot at the sun from its present distance with the velocity it now travels with, and

the moment of explosion telegraphed to the sun, they would get the telegram in about five minutes and see the earth coming in eight minutes, and would have nearly two months to prepare for the blow which they would receive about fifteen years before they heard the original explosion."

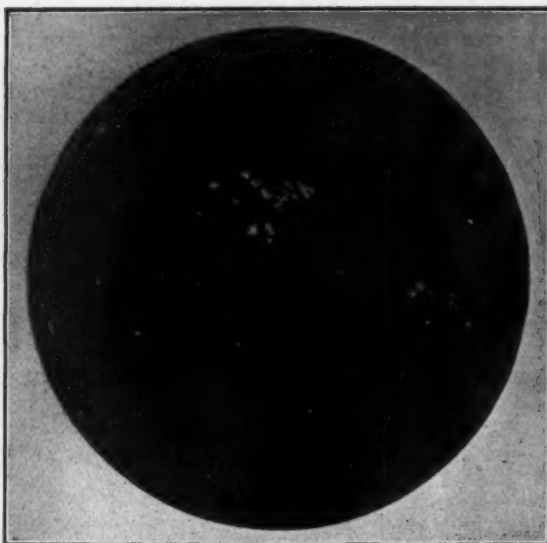
But if his vast distance is hard to conceive, his monster size is perhaps yet more difficult to realise. In diameter more than a hundred times that of our earth, in bulk more than a million times.



IF WE COULD IMAGINE NEARLY A TON OF COAL AN HOUR BURNING ON EVERY SQUARE FOOT OF THE SUN'S SURFACE ETERNALLY, THEN WE SHOULD HAVE A CONCEPTION OF THE SUN'S RADIANT HEAT

Radium and the Sun

We sometimes see a huge ring or halo round the moon occupying a space in the heavens so large that ninety moons' breadths would but just suffice to span it. Yet the body of the sun would fill all that space ere we had approached within two million miles of him. Once on his apparent surface, were we permitted to travel thereon and with the speed of an express train, it would require five whole years of continuous journeying before we could make the circuit of his orb. Or, to take another calculation, were our own earth to begin expanding, its shell would have to widen out on all sides until it had reached the



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN'S SURFACE



A GLIMPSE OF THE STRIKING PHENOMENON KNOWN AS ZODIACAL LIGHT, COMMONLY SUPPOSED TO CONSIST OF METEORIC MATTER

moon, and as far again into space beyond, before its dimensions equalled those of the sun.

But it is when we come to try and form a conception of his might that our imagination is taxed to the utmost. The mere sheer pull of his gigantic mass is so tremendous that could a man be placed upon the sun he would be instantly crushed by his own weight as by a burden of tons. A consideration of the heat he emits is equally overwhelming. If we could imagine nearly a ton of coal an hour burning on every square foot of the sun's surface eternally, then we should have a conception of the sun's radiant heat. Or look at the same thing as Professor Young has put it. "If the sun were to come as near us as the moon, the solid earth would melt like wax."

Many speculations have been advanced to account for the maintenance of the sun's heat, but an earlier question seems to arise. Is that heat being fully maintained, or is it declining, and is the sun speeding on towards that ultimate stage already reached, as we have

Radium and the Sun



A PHOTOGRAPH OF SOME CLOUDS TAKEN BY AN AERONAUT FROM ABOVE THEM. THE APPEARANCE GIVES AN IDEA OF THE MOTTLED SURFACE OF THE SUN

reason to suppose, by many other stars whose fires have died down and their light gone out for ever? This is in every way probable, yet there is no direct proof of such a fact; history can point to no indication of the kind. Winter frosts do not seem to have been less severe in ancient history than to-day. Two thousand odd years ago the Carthaginian generals found the Alpine snows as impassable as now. Only a few degrees southward of the British Isles the vines grow luxuriantly, and but a little further south the sugar-canes. Here and there, as in sheltered nooks of Cornwall or the Scilly Isles, the aloe and the palm will flourish on British soil; but we have no evidence in all history that these forms of vegetation could establish themselves elsewhere in our islands. Even though we go back to geological ages we have no certain revelations, save that the earth was once

hotter with internal fires, and that alternations of tropical and Arctic ages came and went in obedience to alterations in our path around the sun.

On the other hand, were the sun merely a body cooling down in space without fresh accession of heat, we must have long since found evidence of this, and it has been stated that were the sun composed of any conceivable fuel in combustion, then that sun which, say, looked down on the Pharaohs would ere now have nearly died down to darkness. Various theories have been proposed to account for the constant renewal of the sun's heat, one of which, in spite of recent discoveries, demands our close attention. It has been suggested that the impact or fall of matter on the sun might restore its heat, and this becomes plausible when calculation shows that in the neighbourhood of the sun a body falling through a single inch would acquire a velocity of hundreds of miles per hour.

Then, again, the conception of an indraught of matter on the sun gains on

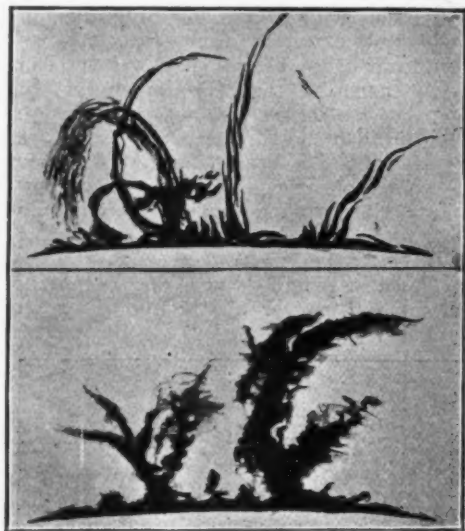


ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF A SIMILAR CHARACTER. THE DARK SPACES ARE GAPS IN THE CLOUD AND SUGGEST THE APPEARANCE OF SUN-SPOTS

Radium and the Sun

the imagination when, as sometimes happens, we catch a glimpse of that striking phenomenon in the sky known as the Zodiacal Light, a nebulous cone of light somewhat resembling the Milky Way, which, starting from that point of the heavens where the sun has just set, or where it is just about to rise, tapers upwards in the sky, forming in reality a vast lens-shaped mass, lying in the plane of the planets, extending from close in upon the sun to perhaps as far as our own orbit, and commonly supposed to consist of meteoric matter.

Again, meteorites are constantly falling on our own earth, a fact which might



SOLAR PROMINENCES

seem to lend further corroboration to this theory, only that it is really here where the objection to it begins to come in. For mathematical reasoning shows that if the sun is merely refreshed by falling matter, then we on earth ought to be molested to such an extent that it would not be safe for us to go abroad without some form of meteoric umbrella. Moreover, Venus, and yet more Mercury, being still more in the storm, ought to give some evidence of actual perturbation therefrom.

Speculation on some such lines as these was all that astronomers had to be content with only a short while ago, and we can now look at what they had been able to learn from actual observation. Among

the earliest objects to arrest their attention were the spots which at regular periods of about eleven years appear on the sun's surface, chiefly on two zones, fairly corresponding in position with the belts on the earth where the trade winds blow. When definition is particularly good the entire surface wears a mottled or corrugated appearance, as of bright clouds separated by minute interstices or pores. These clouds have been fancifully compared to rice-grains or willow-leaves, and give the idea of being suspended over a darker atmosphere within; while a spot suggests a vaster rift among these clouds, often vast enough indeed to allow of a body as large as our earth falling clear through its aperture.

When an *aéronaut* has ascended in broad day, say a couple of miles above the earth, it often happens that the view below will fill in with cloud, in which case its upper surface is of dazzling brightness; and if an opening should present itself showing empty space below, this appears dark by contrast, and such an aperture may, by way of illustration, be compared to a spot on the sun's face or photosphere. The strange shapes and curious changes in the spots are beyond all wonder, and one chief spot in a group will sometimes rush forward, leaving its smaller companions many thousand miles in the lurch.

The evidence of all this, and of the fact that the sun's density as a whole is far less than that of our earth, goes to prove that his outer surface as presented to us is composed of intensely luminous gases which are being swept along by solar tempests of inconceivable fury. A further evidence of these terrific storms is afforded by outbursts resembling tongues of red flame, mainly composed of incandescent hydrogen, seen to be playing around the limb at the time of a total solar eclipse. These appearances, termed Solar Prominences, are thrown outwards into space to heights ten or twenty thousand times the heights of our loftiest mountains; and reaching those supreme altitudes in an interval of time to be measured by minutes only.

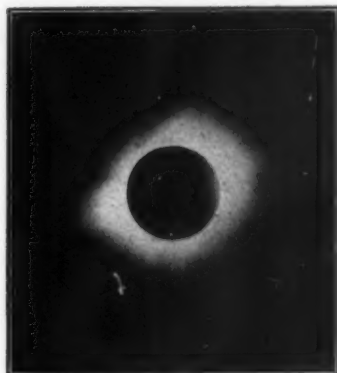
But astronomers had seen and noted other of the sun's belongings. It is at the time of a total solar eclipse, when the bright surface of the sun is shielded by the dark body of the moon, that the ethereal inexplicable glory called the Corona is

Radium and the Sun

seen. This wondrous appendage which has puzzled observers of all times remains still in mystery. A story is told of a learned professor who, while examining a class in Astronomy, asked one of his pupils the simple question, "What is the Corona?" Upon which the individual appealed to, being at a loss, fell back on a reply, the like of which we have all heard before—"He had known, but was very sorry he could not recollect just then." This evoked from his senior the ironical rejoinder, "What an incomparable loss to Science! To think that only one man in all the world has known what the Corona is, and that he has forgotten it!"

Its wonder is in keeping with its rarity. Were a man already grown old to have devoted the whole of his life to witnessing every available solar eclipse, all the fleeting opportunities of observing the Corona added together would probably not reach half-an-hour. It has been supposed that the Corona may have an electric origin, and alters its form and appearance through a cycle of years corresponding with that of a sun-spot period; and it is at least certain that the outbreak of sun-spots is closely connected with magnetic disturbances. Extending outside the Corona are systems of long rays which stretch away far into space, and these rays, in accordance with recent researches made by Mr. E. W. Maunder, are now conceived to be visible manifestations of magnetic influence which emanate from areas of disturbance on the sun's surface, and strike the distant earth "like streams from a fireman's hose."

But, as may be supposed, it was by aid of the spectro-scope that astronomers had

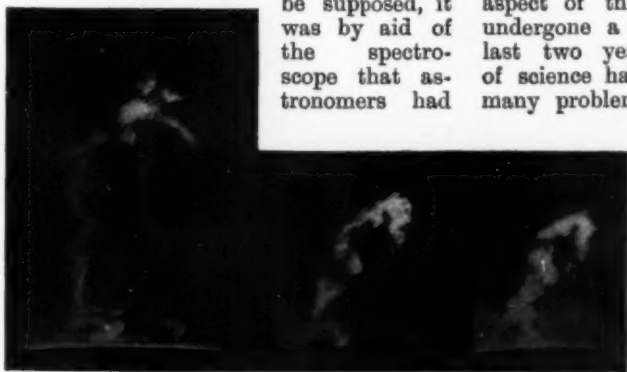


THE SUN'S CORONA PHOTOGRAPHED DURING ECLIPSE AT WADESBOBO, NORTH CAROLINA. THE SUN'S LIMB IS JUST ABOUT TO REAPPEAR

gathered the most important information as to the nature and condition of the actual elements which constitute the sun's being. Applying the instrument to one of these spots it at once reported that those mysterious caverns are regions of comparative coolness, and, moreover, that the vapours within grow denser as greater depths are explored, and that below all is some white-hot solid or liquid, shining through luminous vapour. There seems to have been little else discovered or discoverable, save that the elements thus far found in the sun were for the most part, but not quite entirely, those known on our own earth.

With the acquisition of so much positive knowledge it had reasonably been supposed that the constitution of the sun had in the main been analysed. But the aspect of this perplexing problem has undergone a radical change within the last two years. The latest discovery of science has altered our conception of many problems, and of this among the number. This last discovery is of Radium, and of other substances possessing radium-like activity—an activity which to our senses appears eternal. For radium is considered to go on producing heat practically for ever. One of our greatest astronomers and mathematicians gives as his opinion that "we

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A PHENOMENAL SOLAR PROMINENCE, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE SPECTROHELIOGRAPH OF THE KENWOOD OBSERVATORY, CHICAGO

Radium and the Sun

have no right to assume that the sun is incapable of giving out energy to a degree at least comparable with that which it would do if made entirely of radium."

What a thought have we here! If the sun were all radium, or composed of matter behaving like radium, what then? Is it conceivable that any source of energy is eternal? To our almost certain knowledge suns that now are dead and cold lie strewn through space; others shine feebly and dull red like heated iron which is cooling and ceasing to glow. Look on far enough into the unknown future, and will it become literally and lastingly true that the sun shall be darkened, and the moon not give her light? What then? To the eye of the universe one small star will have ceased to shine!

Surely we cannot rest content with this thought. Let us rather quote the eloquent and prophetic words of Sir Oliver Lodge: "The atoms are crumbling and decaying. Must they not also be forming and coming to the birth? This last we do not know as yet. It is the next thing to be looked for. Decay only without birth and culmination cannot be the last word. This discovery may not come in our time, but Science is still rapidly growing, and it may. We now know things which have been hidden from the wise and prudent of all time. Surely somewhere there must be joy at seeing man thus entering into his heritage, and realising those primal truths concerning his material environment whereof he has been living in ignorance all these thousands of years."



THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE THAT NATURE AFFORDS—THE SUN'S CORONA
DURING A TOTAL ECLIPSE

THE DECEIVER

BY LESLIE KEITH

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

THE central character of this charming story is Maisie Kingdon, a woman of impressive beauty, but rather cold demeanour. She was the second wife of Harry Kingdon who had died on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, Mexico, leaving one child, a sweet, beautiful little girl, unfortunately born blind. His first wife, Maimie Moore, had run away from home to marry him, much to the anger of her mother, Mrs. Moore, and had died abroad. Mrs. Moore is now dead also, and by her will has directed that her fortune, £150,000, shall go to her daughter Maimie. If, however, Maimie is dead, or cannot be found, the money is to pass to Peggy Brandon, Mrs. Moore's niece, a tall, handsome, noble-hearted girl who earns her living as a dressmaker's model. At the time of Mrs. Moore's death, no news had reached the home country concerning the fate of her daughter, and nothing whatever is known about Harry Kingdon's second marriage.

An advertisement is inserted in the newspapers relating to the first wife of Harry Kingdon, and the immense fortune to which she has become entitled. Maisie Kingdon, who is now living with her little daughter in New Orleans, in circumstances of distress, resolves to personate her dead husband's first wife, and claim the money. Captain Larry Fogo, the skipper of the *Anna*, and an old friend of Harry Kingdon, pays for her passage, and so with her little blind daughter, whom she loves devotedly, she proceeds to England. She justifies her conduct to herself by saying that it is in the interest of little Maisie that she is acting.

Mrs. Kingdon is very kindly received, on her arrival in England, by Miss Brandon and her mother. They are greatly perplexed and hurt, however, at the coldness and reserve of Mrs. Kingdon's manner towards them. They feel that there is something, invisible but very real, coming between them.

Among the people with whom she is thrown into contact is Verney Drake, a fine young fellow who lodges with Mrs. Brandon, and is trying to earn a living by literature. He has just sacrificed his inheritance of £40,000 in order that his worthless brother Oliver, who is a banker, and has been guilty of embezzling trust funds, may not be brought to shame and ruin. No one but Oliver and his wife know anything of this act of splendid renunciation on the part of the latter.

We are also introduced to George Herrison, a famous war correspondent, a clever but rather cynical man, a cousin of Mrs. Oliver Drake. He has been in New Orleans, where he was nursed during a dangerous illness by Harry Kingdon, who never mentioned any wife to him. Herrison accordingly entertains feelings of suspicion towards Mrs. Kingdon, which are intensified by her refusal to help him in his suit with Peggy Brandon, of whom he is a devoted admirer, and whom he has resolved to win for his wife. Herrison by stratagem finds out the address of Captain Fogo, with a view of pursuing inquiries about Mrs. Kingdon, and shortly afterwards his duties take him to the country in which she had formerly lived. The crisis in the life of Mrs. Kingdon comes when her little girl, for whose sake she has so grievously sinned, is taken away from her by death.

CHAPTER XXXI

LARRY FOGO ARRIVES IN ENGLAND MOST OPPORTUNELY

IT was late the following afternoon before Drake had any quiet moments with Peggy.

He had been much occupied all day with those sad necessities which death creates, by claiming as her own the human vesture lent to each of us for our little day. Maisie had no relations to help her, and he took on himself, very quietly, those duties she was entirely incapable of so much as considering herself. Could he ever forget the glance of piteous stone with which in the dimly-lit cottage bedroom, she beat back the flame of his sympathy? In her grey desolation she was swept far past human preference; she did not even remember that she had sent for him. That cry that had summoned him from London, quivering along the wires, was torn from the heart of the living mother of a living child; now her heart was petrified to rock, her tears all shed. It was only the noise of his entrance which, hush it as he might, still seemed a rude intrusion on the silence that made her lift her bowed head for one moment from the bed where she knelt, but her eyes had neither recognition nor invitation; she looked at him as if across a great space of time and experience; some one known once, but no longer needed now.

He left the inn, where he had been writing many letters, and was carrying them to the post, when he saw Peggy come out of the cottage. Her step was slow, her air one of great dejection. The day had broken cold and boisterous, and the sea ran grey under a sharp wind. He saw her seat herself on a bench within a few yards of the ocean's edge, for the tide was now high, the cup of the bay full to the lip, and wondered if it were prudent that she should sit rather than walk, in so shrewd an atmosphere, but hoped in the same breath that she would not wander far before he could join her.

He hurried, without her having seen him, into the little town, did his business at the post office, and returned to the shore. He crossed the sands and sat down by the grey-cloaked figure.

"I am glad to see you out. I was wondering if I might call and ask you to come."

"There is nothing for me to do there."

"Are you sure you are warm enough? Would you not rather walk?"

"No, thank you; it seems possible to rest here. My cloak is very thick." She leaned against the unyielding back of the bench with an air of abandonment he had never seen in her before.

"I'm afraid you are very tired," he said gently.

"No; or at least only so because I've

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been trying to do what I can't do. And the things I *could* do, you wouldn't let me help in."

"They are all done, I think, if you can tell me *where*—"

She shook her head.

"I can't get near her; it's too late now to learn the way. She has not spoken to me or left the room all day. The landlady tried to persuade her to come out at lunch-time and eat something, but there's the locked door. That is what is so terrible—the locked door, and to know what lies behind it, and to be shut out."

"I'm afraid we must find out."

"It must be here, I think; I'm certain Maisie could never endure the thought of a London cemetery. She would not go even to see her parents' grave. You remember those bells we heard last night?"

"Yes."

"They are the bells of St. Nicholas, the landlady tells me; a very old church, and there's a little graveyard round it, beautifully kept. Maisie, she says, often went there with her mother to walk; there's the grave of a little child with an angel bending over it she used to like to hear about, and sometimes she took flowers and left them there."

He thought of the flowers he had ordered for her own little bed in the lap of mother earth, and of the cross that was to come in Peggy's name. She would not resent his association with her in this last little tenderness to the child they had both loved.

"I could go to see the Rector to-morrow, but I hope you will go with me to choose the spot."

"I will try to find out what Maisie wishes to-night. If I can help at all, you know how much I wish it."

"I saw the doctor this morning—a clear-headed, courteous man, very willing to tell me all he could. He saw Sir Henry Manwell in consultation yesterday morning. Sir Henry, you know, is the great London specialist in children's diseases, and as tender-hearted as he is clever. You'll be glad to think all has been done that could be done."

"And that all is—nothing! How pitiless Death is! It is like that sea"—she was gazing at it—"each wave has just one moment of separate existence, and then it is inexorably called back—lost in the seething mass."

"Not lost; only re-shaped and sent forth again."

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"Ah! I do not forget that beginning again,"—her face grew beautifully gentle,—"nor do I grudge our Baby her early Home-going. Four years is such a short pilgrimage, that she will scarcely remember her little life here; it will seem to her as if she had always belonged to Heaven; but we who know—who have seen—we cannot but dread the passage. This world is warm and familiar, the other, we believe, more beautiful than any vision of it that man has seen; but the going there, at that awful call, and no disobeying—"

"To me, death always seems more merciful than pitiless, friend rather than foe. An end to the fret and fear, the object of life achieved, a road that's often desolate left behind. I've seen many men and some women—of all nationalities, and creeds or no creed—die, and I can't recall one who did not meet the summons naturally, as we meet sleep when our tired senses name the hour."

"And I so few; only my dear father, who made a brave end. Perhaps, like all common things, death is only overwhelming in the first moment of its complete realisation; at least, I see how gently time's teaching has freed my mother of all her fear—or rather filled her with waiting hope. To her it is the Home summons; the call to the Father's House. Shall I cease to be a coward when there's nobody of all I love left to be sorry for?"

"They are all gone into a World of Light, And I alone sit lingering here—"

"If that befell one the fear of death *would* be dead."

"I hope it never will."

"It has come to Maisie!" her voice quivered to tears. "How could I think of myself who have so much, while she has had to give up everything! Oh, what will become of her?"

He had no answer; no comfort. His mind was a blank when he thought of Maisie's future in all its cruel desolation, but he saw that Peggy was overwrought, and he exercised that authority which she had not denied to him last night.

"You must not sit any longer," he said firmly. "I can visibly see you taking cold."

"You must have very good eyes," she smiled wanly, but she *did* smile, so he was bold to make another remark.

"The best thing to ward off an attack

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is a good meal. I'm afraid you've eaten nothing——"

"Yes, I think so," she answered absently, getting up and fastening a little strap at the neck of her cloak. "I must go back now."

"No, please, won't you come to the hotel? Do come and dine with me. It's very plain, but they cook really well. They keep country hours, dinner is at six. I will bring you back immediately after."

"I can't, I can't," she said, shrinking. "I'll get something from Mrs. Mack; oh, I promise, but I feel that I must be there. Maisie may be ill. Every minute I've been dreading that some one would come running out to tell me she is ill."

He did not urge her.

"I think I ought to speak to Mrs. Mack; you won't look after yourself, and I promised your mother——"

"She looks after me as if I belonged to her. She is so good-hearted, and so really and truly feels all this. But do come with me; perhaps Maisie will see you."

The cottage was dark except for a glimmer of red light from one window; already it had an air of being set apart, sealed with the peace of death.

As they came to the little gate a tall man approached them, drew up with a keen



A TALL MAN, LEAN, BUT WELL-KNIT, KNOCKED AT THE DOOR WITH A FIRM HAND, SAYING, "MAISIE, IT'S I—LARRY. LET ME IN"

glance at the house, as if trying in the evening gloom to identify some expected sign, then turned to them.

Drake's hand was on the gate, which he had swung open for Peggy. He paused expectantly.

"Can you tell me," asked the stranger, "if Mrs. Kingdon lives here?"

"Yes," said Drake, and hesitated. Peggy turned back. Some feeling she could not define moved her. Her heart quickened its beat.

"Did you wish to see her?" she asked.

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"I've come for that. My name is Fogo—Laurence Fogo."

"Oh," she said, and caught her breath; "Maisie's friend! She has often spoken of you." She tried to see his face in the dark, but could not. "You know, you remember?" she turned to Drake.

"Yes." This was the man for whose sake Mrs. Kingdon had extended her friendship to him. Their agitated silence subtly communicated itself to him. Neither knew how to tell him of Maisie's loss. Peggy remembered how the child prattled of him, the one unforgotten figure in her little past.

"Anything happened to her?" he asked sharply, intolerant of suspense, intolerant above all of being "prepared" for calamity.

"Not to her," said Drake, instantly recognising the feeling which all men share, "but those windows are dark," he indicated the cottage, "because her little girl died last night."

They refrained from looking in his direction, though the kindly dark veiled his emotions. He stood rigid a moment, a tense, still figure; no one of them moved, and the throb of the sea fell insistently on the silence. How loud it was. It seemed to Peggy it had become much louder than it was five minutes ago when she sat close to it.

When Fogo turned it was her he addressed.

"I will go to her."

"Yes," she said, and a load of care seemed to fall from her. Maisie would not reject him, that dreadful door would be unlocked.

"I'm her cousin, Peggy Brandon," she said. "If you will come with me, I'll tell her you're here." She shook hands silently with Drake and led the way. Fogo was a tall man, lean, but well-knit, with an indescribable air of the sea and the weather. Rough winds and hot suns had tanned him brown, and nights of watching alone under the stars had given his brilliant blue eyes their keen thoughtfulness. He was roughly, rather carelessly dressed, but the hand in which he held a little bunch of white violets—they were fresh and fragrant, perhaps he had bought them while he waited at the junction—was well-shaped and long-fingered. He looked strong, steadfast, above all, patient.

Peggy begun, tremulously, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, to tell him all there was to tell of little Maisie's short illness and easy surrender to death. While she spoke her eyes wandered from his face to the shut door behind which no sound could be heard. "It's Maisie one must think of now; I'm so afraid for her. She puts us all aside, she has been shut up all alone ever since. Sometimes I'm afraid she'll die too. It's that shut door I dread. All day I have sat and looked at it. Oh, if you can reach her, how blessed it will be that you've come, and from so far away! You will make her come out?"

The tears, unheeded, were falling down her face; she had so greatly desired to win Maisie's love, and in the lonely hours of the sad day her utter defeat had moved her.

While she spoke he never took his eyes off her face; when she faltered and stopped he took a long look round the room. It was as they had left it, the mother and child, on the last day the little one was able to play. A doll propped in the easy chair by the window still sat rigid; a half-finished frock hung out of Maisie's work-basket; on the mantelpiece was a little strapped shoe from which a button had come off. His gaze stayed on that little shoe. Was he thinking of a night four years ago when death came to a hut by the Southern Sea?

Peggy watched him.

"Shall I leave you?" she asked.

"Thank you. In there?" he indicated the door behind him.

"Yes."

She lingered while he knocked with a firm hand.

"Maisie, it's I—Larry. Let me in."

For an instant there was no response, and her heart sickened.

"Maisie," he said again, and this time his voice pierced Maisie's desolation. There was a faint cry, a slow movement, the turning of a lock—

Peggy fled.

She shut herself up in her own little bedroom and wept out all her emotions of relief and sorrow and unrest. Then suddenly she remembered that meal she had so longed to see Maisie eat. And this stranger, her friend, he might stay for hours; hospitality must be offered him. People must eat, whatever happens. It was so late—

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CHAPTER XXXII

GOD HAD PUNISHED : MAN MIGHT STILL PITY

nearly seven, and there might be nothing in the house.

She went to the kitchen, and there was greeted by appetising odours, pots and pans cheerfully hissing; Mrs. Mack in a large purple wrapper, her face another tint of purple, lifting steaming lids, stirring with a wooden spoon.

"Oh, Mrs. Mack," she said, "how good of you, and you've thought of everything! A very old friend of Mrs. Kingdon's has come from abroad and she is with him. I hope he'll persuade her to eat."

"The thoughtfulness isn't due to me, miss, nor yet to Mack, though he went off his own food when the little lamb died; I'll do him that justice," she stopped to wipe away a tear; "but to the London gentleman, Mr. Drake, as you wouldn't believe how knowledgable he is. 'You'll get ready a little meal, Mrs. Mack,' says he, 'and I know the ladies will eat it when you've cooked it.'—'And that I will, sir,' says I, 'for to starve your innards can't bring back the dead, or there would be some sense in it—though the little angel's better off where she is, if her poor ma' would believe it. And there's a sole, miss, as I didn't think you could buy the like in Seagate, for it's the London leavings as they think good enough for us, and twice the price, the more shame, and a sweetbread, and a custard pudding. There couldn't be a thoughtfuller dinner for a family in affliction, for when the heart's sore the stomach's dainty. You'll find that out,' I says many a time to Mack, a-swallowing of his bacon like a devouring lion, 'when the stoutness gets past me and I'm took, you'll find your beanses and your bacon lie heavy on you then.'"

Peggy laughed, and though she drew herself up with a sharp shock, the laugh did her good.

"Do let me help you, dear Mrs. Mack," she said. "I often help with the cooking at home."

But Mrs. Mack would not hear of this.

"You set in Mack's chair, my dear, that never sets in it without a newspaper spread on it, for the railway's mucky work, and don't you do nothing. I was down in my spirits myself, and it's cheerful to see you there."

It was comforting to Peggy too, the first cheer she had known for two long days and nights. Mrs. Mack was really a dear, kind old soul.

VERNEY DRAKE'S pale roses and Peggy's cross of lilies lay on the outside of the little coffin, but Larry Fogo's handful of faded white violets rested between the waxen hands folded on the child's still breast.

He it was who stood by Maisie when the little company gathered round the open grave, he who led her away when the rent in the earth was closed and Nature hushed one more little sleeper on her kind breast.

She was passive enough, her face was a grey, eyeless mask, out of which no soul looked, her heart dead to impulse or agony. It was her unresisting body Peggy dressed in the new black gown, blurred eyes making the girl's unsteady hands clumsy at the task, her body that played its tragic part as chief mourner, while her ears were dead to the sublime words of hope and consolation with which we commit earth to earth.

Since the night of Fogo's arrival she had shut herself away no more. She ate and drank mechanically when they bade her, she let herself be led at night to Peggy's room, where Peggy, sharing the same great old-fashioned bed, lay rigidly still, hoping from Maisie's answering stillness that she slept. If her face in the morning-light, drawn, haggard, pallid, belied this hope, she made no complaint. Her acquiescent silence in all that was proposed or suggested to her, the stunning, numbing despair that wrapped her like a veil, was almost less easy for affection to endure than her first wild passion of grief, and Peggy found that her anxiety, instead of being removed, only took a new shape.

At the lych gate of the little churchyard she looked at Drake. Fogo had helped Maisie into one black coach and driven off; another waited behind it.

He saw the wish in her reddened eyes behind the net veil.

"You would like to walk?" he asked.

"Yes, please."

"Come down by the sea," he said, when they had gone a few steps. "Have you noticed how every little lane and alley here leads to the water as if the call of the sea made a kind of thralldom for men, forcing their feet this way?"

"Up there," she said, turning back and looking at the spire of the church rising from the elms, "it sounded like a lullaby,

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yet to poor Maisie it must always be the voice of doom. It was by the sea Harry Kingdon died."

"Fogo was with her then, I think?"

"Yes, his coming now was strange, was it not, just at the moment of all others when her need of him was deepest? No one else," she looked at Drake a little wistfully, "could quite be to her yet what he must be who knew her past as we have never known it."

"No one," he assented, so freely that she wondered. "In his quiet way—and it's a very quiet way—the man has power."

"You've seen so much more of him than I, living together at the inn, but I like him too, as much as one can like a person who hasn't bestowed six words on one. It's his rock-like steadiness, I think. Some people are so gimcrack, you feel that if you were to lean against them they would topple over, but you might as soon expect a cathedral to give way under your weight as that man."

"A cathedral isn't a bad simile; strength without, and beauty within. He ought to like your description of him."

"I was thinking chiefly of his endurance, his patience. I don't quite know how to describe the impression he makes, but he must be a good man too, to have loved little Maisie as he did. He hides it well, but I have seen a hundred times how he has felt her loss."

"If you have seen it, it must be true."

"Why?"

"Your sex is so intuitive."

"And yours——"

"We make few discoveries. Fogo and I have smoked for an evening together and no word said. Of the man—his past, his present, I know no more than of the first stranger met in the street. Of me he would probably say the same."

"Yet such a silence implies an intimacy."

"A mutual understanding, rather, that there is to be no trespass on private territory. To arrive at that without any words, there must be perhaps a certain good will."

"Women aren't like that! I couldn't sit a whole evening beside a strange woman without wanting to know everything—perhaps more than everything—about her. Her position, her preferences, her experiences, in friendship, in—love perhaps. If she gave me no clue, I should present her with a fictitious story."

He smiled, then with a studious gaze at

the sea beside which they walked, he said—"Fogo did once break the silence, by the bye. It was to ask me what I could tell him of Herrison."

He was conscious of the start she gave, but did not see the surprised and angry red stream into her pale cheek.

"George Herrison!" she exclaimed. "Have they met, then?"

"Herrison sought Captain Fogo out while he was at Costa Rica, I believe. He has been out there, you know, representing his paper."

He turned his eyes back from the last little curl of foam and looked at her with quiet amusement. "It would scarcely please Herrison, I think, to know how indifferent San Juan is to his fame. Fogo had never heard of him."

She looked strangely troubled. Her dark veil was thrown up, and her face, pale with days of emotion and weariness, was something more than sorrowful now.

"What is it?" he asked with concern. "Are you tired? Shall we go home?"

"Yes," she said, turning and beginning to walk fast. "Let us go back. How heartless I am to be lingering here—on such a sad day for Maisie."

"Fogo is sure to be with her."

"Do you think he would tell her?"

"That he met Herrison?" he asked, surprised. "I should scarcely think it would occur to him. Mrs. Kingdon knew him so slightly, and Fogo did not appear to be specially attracted by poor George."

She did not reply. She was walking fast. He did not know what she had in her mind, what dim foreboding of impending trouble which, strive as she might, she could not avert; she was in one of those states of acute mental tension, when the mind works feverishly and gives hospitality to all sorts of fantasies.

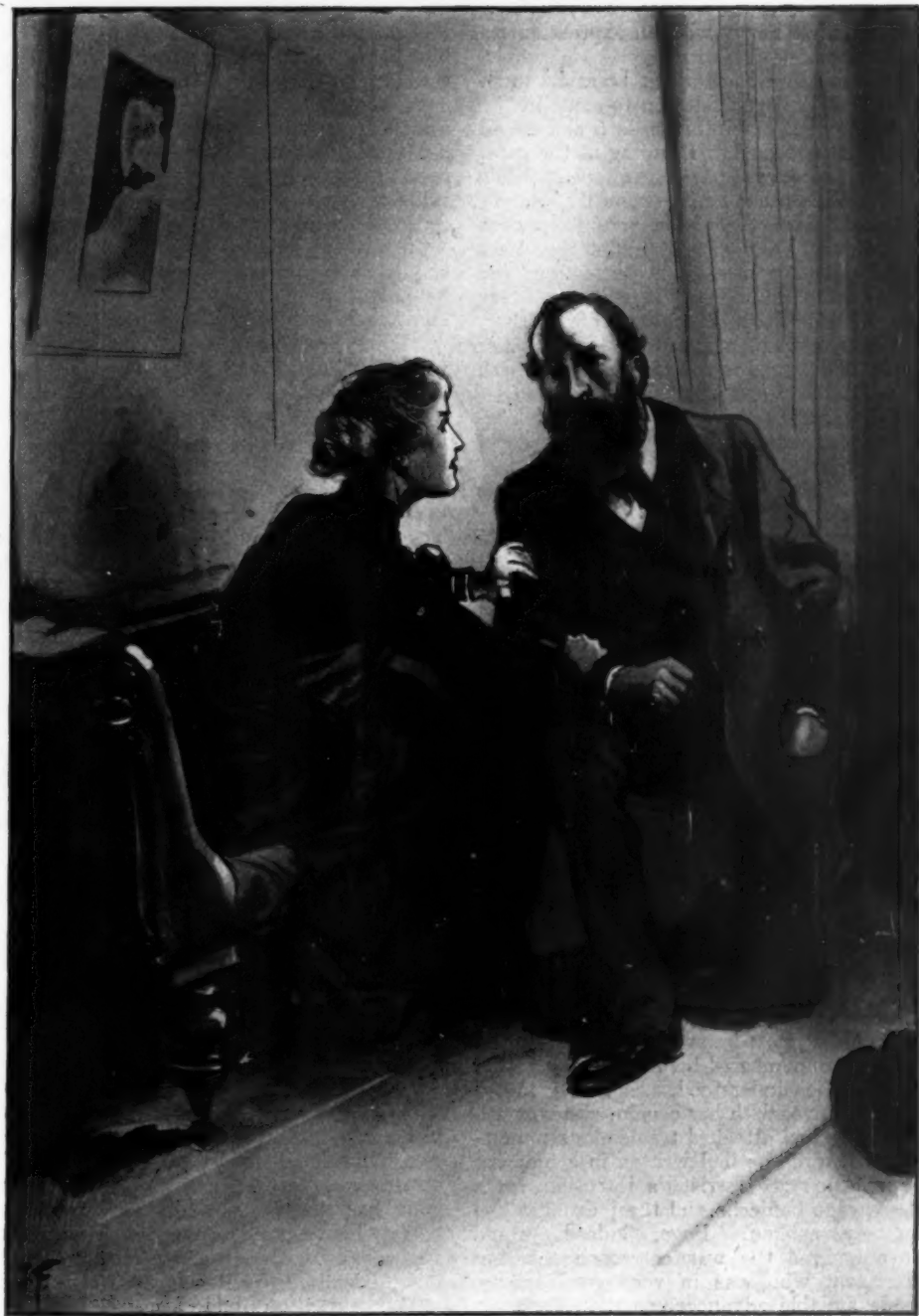
They shook hands wordlessly at the gate. Drake lingered a moment, half hoping that she would make some allusion to their next meeting, and then he turned sharply away.

"Let me in, ah, Maisie, let me in!" implored Peggy, beating on that door which was again closed to all the world.

"I've brought you some tea," she said an hour later. "Do open the door and take it in," but again she was denied.

It was only when she went a third time and said—

"Captain Fogo is waiting outside," that Maisie stirred and slowly turned the key.



MAISIE TOLD THE WHOLE STORY OF HER SIN IN WORDS OF FLAME WHILE SHE CLUTCHED THE SLEEVE OF CAPTAIN FOGO CONVULSIVELY

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She looked at Peggy with an expressionless white face.

"He said he was coming; he said I must see him. Will you tell him to come in?"

Peggy went out into the dark and found a tall, patient shadow standing at the gate. Yes, he had power, power to shape Maisie's will as none other could shape it. Surely he would have the power too, to protect her from any danger that might threaten?

They exchanged a word of greeting, and then she told him that Maisie would see him. Suddenly a thought came to her, and in a moment a question leaped to her lips. She turned round in the narrow path up which he was following her.

"Mr. Drake tells me you know Mr. Herrison. Can you tell me when he is expected in England?"

"He is here, we came home in the same ship."

It was too dark for him to see the expression of alarm that slid into her face, but he wondered why she stood so long without further question or remark. She did not speak again until they stood in the narrow passage, at the further end of which was Maisie's sitting-room. The light of a lamp swung from the ceiling shone upon her face, and he saw that she had, after all, something more to say. The words came from her lips with a pressure, almost a hurry of fear. She glanced behind her and seemed glad to be assured that the sitting-room door was shut.

"Would you please not say anything to Maisie about Mr. Herrison? It may seem strange that I should ask this of you, but—it might—annoy her to know that he was in England."

Fogo looked surprised. Why should Maisie be annoyed at the return of a man she could at most know only by reputation? Then he remembered his own warning, and thought he understood. She had talked the thing over with her cousin, and woman-like, they had attached tremendous importance to words he had written in a moment of irritation at Herrison's intrusion. On the voyage home he and the journalist had scarcely spoken. Fogo, indeed, would have ignored the war correspondent, but Herrison, who was in very good spirits, made amiable advances, as if in forgiving humour; and though these were met with bare civility the peace was not again broken. Fogo, indeed, spoke too rarely to be quarrelsome, but while his opinion of Herrison

remained unchanged, it never occurred to him that this vain and contemptible scribbler could have any real power to hurt.

So he gave the promise readily, and with a smile that wonderfully lit his grave face.

He had, indeed, a far other purpose in coming to see Maisie, a purpose that if fulfilled would give her protection from all meddlesome intruders.

It was characteristic of him that he should go straight to the point the moment he had shut the parlour door, and at one step stood before Maisie drooping on the sofa.

"Maisie, my dear," he said (he could find words for her), "you know why I'm here? You know what I've come to ask?"

She was long past any pretence of misunderstanding him. She looked at him tragically, her pale eyes sunk in her wasted face. The fever of living had hollowed her cheek, all her prettiness was gone. The watchful look that had seemed perpetually to anticipate danger was gone too. A greater punishment had been meted out to her than the punishment of being found out.

"Don't ask it," she said faintly.

"Then say yes, and I'll ask nothing more. You want some one to take care of you, and I'm here. Come home, Maisie, come back to the old place. You were happier there than you've been here, my poor girl."

"Happy!" she said, with a sick dreariness that went to his heart. "Did you think I was coming to be happy?"

"No," he said slowly, "and that was why I was so loth to let you go."

"Oh, if you had kept me! Why didn't you force me to stay? Larry, Larry, if you had burnt that paper, if you had starved me, imprisoned me, I might have had my baby still! My Harry gone, and now my child. I am a forsaken woman."

Her tearless misery moved him sorely.

"Not forsaken while I'm alive," he pleaded. "I'll take care of you. You won't be lonely any more. You won't go uncomforted. Leave the money, what good has it done you? I've enough for both. Leave it and come home with me. I'm solitary too, Maisie, a man that doesn't make friends. We'll help each other."

Her attention had already wandered from his entreating words. "The money," she whispered, and her lips trembled. "You remember, you know—it was for Maisie."

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"Give it to some good cause in Maisie's name."

"Never, never," she cried, and shuddered.

Then suddenly, overwhelmingly, there came upon her the need of confession, the human desire for human sympathy, the impulse to confide in man what the smirched soul dare not tell to a sinless God. She forgot that this man, so long patient, so long content with little, was offering her his love, was waiting, anxious-minded for her answer. Love had no longer any meaning for her, it had died and was buried that day, its grave was raw under the stars, and since that mound covered all that had ever been hers of innocence, of honour, of uprightness, the burden of her soul became too heavy to bear. She was drowning in deep waters. God had punished her, man might still pity.

She told, and told, feverish words coming like hot flames through her dry lips, her hands clutching Larry's sleeve, he still kneeling as he had knelt the better to comfort her, the more ardently to plead with her. She told everything, all the history of a year. The dark workings of her mind, the wretchedness of her heart, made vivid in burning sentences. She spared herself—and him—nothing, and at the end of all when the piteous, miserable tale was unfolded to its last word she broke down in a misery of confusion and fear with the ever-recurrent wail—

"I did it all for Maisie, and God has taken her from me."

No one could have gathered from Larry Fogo's face what he suffered. He had always had a great power of listening quietly and it did not forsake him now. She read no condemnation in the eyes that so steadily held her own, the grave mouth did not harden into contempt or displeasure, but nevertheless the thoughts that swept through him like a flood, left him with the sharp consciousness that he had been deceived, his trust ill-founded. His manly preference had been given to a woman who was not worthy of it. A woman—a sharper pang this—who was not worthy of his friend. He found, as yet, no understanding, and consequently no excuse for Maisie's deed. To a man of simple honesty there is no subtlety that can make wrong convincingly right, no juggling that can justify a theft because it is done for love. But love that

is true in essence has this of the divine in it, it sees no eternal triumph of evil, it still pardons, still hopes.

As Larry looked into Maisie's hollow and desolate eyes, and felt the trembling clutch of her hand faith blossomed again. She had sinned, but she repented; she had suffered, but she would make restitution. It was for him to help her on the difficult upward way, the bitter way of humiliation. As he looked at her relieved by her outpouring, but shaken as if now for the first time seeing herself as others must see her, his pity for her grew. All the fatigues, all the sorrows of her life, seemed trooping together to conquer her; how was she to face alone the difficult days before her when her confession must be made to the world? Would her resolution outstand that ordeal? Her pathetic helplessness, her sudden shrinking from him, as if all at once and for the first time, she dreaded his condemnation, moved him to a new love—the love of the strong for the feeble, the love that fights and defends.

With a sigh for some lost dream, he accepted the load of her weakness, he lifted her burden and carried it patiently.

They talked long and intimately, his tenderness did not deceive her, and she wept sorely, but though he convinced her at last that he loved her, loved her still in the old good, steady way, for all that she had done, she had no answer for him.

"It is true what I told you a year ago, Larry. I had nothing left then to give you, and how much less now. Not even Maisie to comfort you."

"Let me be the giver."

"I could not so wrong you. It is a terrible thing to marry a woman without a heart."

"If I choose that woman before all other women—"

She put her hand upon his lips.

"There are so many good and loving women who would make you happy," she said sadly. "Go back to the sun, and find some sweet, bright girl, who'll love you as you deserve. The day that brings me that news will bring me one poor crumb of comfort."

"Come back with me, you used to love the sun."

She shook her head.

"I have found sorrow by the sea, there is no more sun for me. Larry, dear

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Larry, if you care for me at all—yes, oh yes, I know you do, though I'm a wicked woman—let me keep my Harry's friend."

He was defeated at last. He moved away heavily, and leaned upon the mantel-piece. He had been very faithful to her. When, far out upon the sea, he had thought of a home, he had seen her waiting for him with the child. She was more right than she knew when she said that the little Maisie would have comforted him, the little Maisie whose love and innocence knew no shadow. And now the child was dead, and the mother lost to him.

The tears came thick to her sad eyes as he held her hand saying good-bye.

"God bless you always, Larry, dear Larry," she said brokenly, "the best and truest friend a wretched woman ever had."

CHAPTER XXXIII

"I AM COMING, HARRY!"

PEGGY was coming down the hill from the church-yard, where she had left a tribute of flowers sent by Grania and Grania's boy, when she met Drake. Seagate is a very small place, and a tall lady in black, moving regally, is not easily lost there.

"I've been calling on Mrs. Kingdon," he said.

Peggy looked at him steadily.

"Did you succeed in persuading her to go back with me to mother?"

"I'm afraid not. I tried as I promised, but I don't think she understood. She seemed incapable of the effort of listening."

"Yes," said Peggy, with a sigh. "I know. I hoped she would rouse herself for you. I think she misses Captain Fogo. It's the past she lives in, and he could talk to her of that. If she won't return with me, mother must come here. She can't be left alone."

"Would you like me to fetch Mrs. Brandon?"

"Are you going to town?"

"I can go any day if you wish it."

"No," she said, after a moment's thought. "Not yet. We must give Maisie a little longer. Mother is always nervous on a railway journey, and the sea is bad for her rheumatism, but we've no

right to keep you from your work; I think you ought to go back to it."

"There isn't any to go back to," he said lightly. "Editors aren't outbidding each other to secure me yet."

"There's a whole ream of ruled paper," she said reproachfully, "I saw it on your writing-table, lurking behind the dictionary, and trying to hide a new box of J-pens. Nothing could be more patient than the attitude of that paper, humbly ready to become the medium of your thoughts. You really shouldn't keep it waiting any longer."

"Am I to take you seriously, I wonder?"

"Oh, seriously," she sighed, and her mouth took sad curves. "Don't you remember the old line—

'Werna' my hert licht, I wad dee'?

I wonder sometimes if it's very heartless, or if it isn't just a sane and wholesome instinct to shoulder sorrow out of the way when it threatens to become a tyranny."

"We are never meant to sit down and sup with it," he assented, but he spoke absently.

At that moment more than ever he coveted her for himself; wife, companion, sole sharer of his heart, his thoughts, his life. And how splendidly she would fill those empty chambers of his being, swept and garnished and waiting for her! An idle dream! If he had ever had any belief in it, those days of sorrow by the sea had bereft him of the last rag of illusion. She treated him as a friend, as comrade (and for such small mercy he was grateful), but the calm and unembarrassed look in her grey eyes as they met his hungry brown ones, spoke no flutter of the heart, no quicker beat of the pulse.

As a student, in his groping way, of the human mind and its workings, he knew that the sentiment of love can live in any phrases, and be vital in the coldest topics. No need of words of desire or entreaty to detect its presence, or call forth its response. He sifted their talk on many a silent afternoon or evening, when he had left her, and found nothing but the ashes of the commonplace. For all the emotion he evoked he might have been chatting with his grandmother. He was as hopelessly shut out as Herrison from the citadel of her heart.

"Do you know," she said, "we've

The Deceiver

walked three times up and down in front of the house, and you've never said a single word. I'm sure dear Mrs. Mack must think we've quarrelled (she's washing the greens behind that muslin blind), and she'll never, never forgive me. Since you conjured that hamper from London, she has put you on the highest pinnacle of her regard. You can't go higher, but I may fall lower."

"She'll think I've quarrelled with you."

"No, she's a woman, she'll know

in his shoes. His peace shall not be disturbed."

"I give it up. I've emptied out my Pandora's casket."

"I'm going to Monnowbridge tomorrow."

"You call that disagreeable? For shame!"

"It does sound rather beastly, but though it's only for a night, I'm reluctant to leave you and Mrs. Kingdon alone while Fogo is gone too."



"I AM COMING, HARRY!" SHE CRIED, FLINGING HER MESSAGE TO THE EBBING TIDE

better. What has made you look so gloomy?"

"I was thinking of something disagreeable that is going to happen to me."

"Confide in me, and you shall have my sympathy. Are you going to visit a dentist?"

"No."

"Then you must be going to have your portrait taken."

"Nothing further from my thoughts."

"To interview an editor, perhaps?" she smiled slyly.

"No, poor man. He need not shake

"Nothing will happen to us; nothing will ever matter to poor Maisie any more," she said wistfully, "we are but shadows that come and go; she would not miss either of us."

"Grania writes rather anxiously. Oliver isn't very well; nothing much, but he's hipped, and he gets despondent. My visit is to urge them to go somewhere for a thorough change. Grania loves working and tidying up that little house, but poor Noll misses the big one. There doesn't seem room for him in the cottage."

The Deceiver

Peggy remembered the heavy, dull, over-stout man, and understood.

"Do you think you'll succeed?"

"I'll give twenty-four hours to the enterprise. When I've pushed them out and locked the door, I'll come back."

"Then I'll give you two days," she said, and smiled superior. "Imagine any woman setting her house in order and packing her clothes, not to speak of her husband's and her son's, under that! Why, she'll find dozens of buttons off at the last minute!"

"Then she ought to be ashamed of herself."

"Not at all. It's what mangles are invented for—to try the temper of wives and keep their sewing up to the mark. If it weren't for the washerwoman, sewing would be a lost art."

"Then Oliver must go buttonless. I suppose I shall not see you again this evening?"

She shook her head. She had had a little walk and some fresh air—a necessity of her nature, and for the rest of the day, and all the long evening, and perhaps for part of the night, she would patiently devote herself to the task of soothing Maisie.

"Then it is good-bye. You won't forget to go out to-morrow, will you?"

"No, I'll go. I'm still hopeful of getting Maisie to go for a drive. Give Grania my love, and tell her her flowers are where she wished them to be. I will write to her soon."

She told Maisie of Drake's intention in the evening, and to her surprise Maisie looked up with a faint flutter of interest.

"He must go by the junction, I suppose?" she asked.

"Yes," said Peggy, cheerfully embroidering the topic, thankful to have drawn out a rejoinder at all. "That junction seems to lead everywhere, it sits like a spider in the centre of a web, all the lines leading up to it. 'All change here' ought to be the town motto."

"Then he may have to wait?"

"I should think it more than likely. Submission and stale sandwiches are one's usual portion at a junction. But he won't mind."

She knew that Maisie was not listening, but she talked to still the aching silence of the room where the doll and the little shoe were hidden out of sight.

But Maisie surprised her again.

"Then if you think he would have time—if you think he wouldn't mind——"

"Do you want him to do anything for you, dear?"

The gay voice was all gentleness now.

"I want you both to do something for me. I want you to go with him—it will only take you a few hours—and—and together to choose a cross—white marble. Before I go away, I want to think that my baby's resting-place is not forgotten." The words fell slowly from her white lips.

Peggy knelt by her and kissed the slim hands, idle at last, lying in the black lap.

She did not dare to say "It is too soon." The little mound must settle first, as if the old earth took a closer clasp of the child given to her, but she did whisper—

"Wouldn't you rather choose yourself, Maisie? If you would come we would take such care of you——"

"No," said Maisie, in the same detached way. "I think the sun would blind me. And it doesn't matter. I shall not see it when it's ready. I shall not be here."

"You mean that we could bring you drawings? We could do that." She longed to ask, "Where are you going? Are you coming to mother, with me?" but she feared to scare Maisie. It was a comfort to know that she was at least reconciling herself to go from Seagate. She was reluctant to leave her cousin even for a few hours, but she could not check the first sign of interest Maisie had shown since the child's death.

"You are sure you won't mind being alone?" she asked, as they were about to part for the night. Maisie had gone back to her own room. "Mrs. Mack will take care of you, of course——"

"Yes. Tell her not to wake me in the morning, Peggy. I am going to take a long, long sleep. She can put the tea outside my door."

"Yes, dear Maisie, rest well," said Peggy tenderly. "I won't disturb you either with running in to you in the morning. I hope to be back before tea-time, and you'll let Mrs. Mack wait on you for lunch, and you'll try and eat?"

"Yes, yes," said Maisie absently. Her sunken eyes were lifeless, there were black circles round them, and how thin her white cheeks had grown! She looked un-

The Deceiver

utterably weary, but she resisted Peggy's entreaty that she might brush her hair and put her to bed.

"I only want to sleep and forget," she said. "It will be well with me when I'm asleep." At the door of her room she turned and hesitated, a mournful black figure.

"Thank you, Peggy," she said. "You've always been too kind."

The low voice followed Peggy down the passage. She yearned to turn and take the poor stricken thing in her strong, kind arms, but the door was shut.

Maisie, without undressing, put out her light and lay down on the top of her bed, waiting till the household should have hushed itself to sleep. That did not take long, for the cottage kept early hours, but it seemed long to her, her brain throbbing, her eyes staring into the darkness. Presently she heard the railway-man come home, tramping stolidly up the main path of the little garden behind the house, and scraping the mud from his boots at the kitchen door. Her own casement opened upon this garden.

By that low window, a step from the ground, she had sat with Maisie on her lap, and made many mental journeys round that small well-spaded patch, where every green blade had, to the child's fancy, a folded heart of loveliness. There in the small white bed the one thing left for mother-love to cling to, had died. Maisie had slipped from her circling arms. She too had heard the call of the sea, and gone forth into the great Unknown. And in the darkness and the silence, the deep profound silence in which the throb of the waves seemed to mark and record each anguished beat of her heart, no white vision came to her radiant with the greater glory, no dear little human form, warm and soft and sweet lay sheltered and safe upon her aching breast. Her flung-out hands, thrown out trembling, entreating, clasped the blank and empty night.

Presently she rose and lit her candle. With no farewells, with a face grey with one steady purpose, she opened the casement and stepped gently out. The soft, moist air meeting her in the face, sped past her and entering the empty room blew out the flickering candle. The wind was her ally; the dark, moonless night her friend. She knew her way, and without

fear or faltering she passed round by the end of the house, under Peggy's window, and so by a little side walk, on to the road that faced the sea.

The town slept. No one save herself was abroad at that profoundest hour of rest. She paused, and faced the great plain of waters that glimmered, a fainter grey than the grey of the night that enfolded her. The wind, tempting it to unrest, awoke its murmured protest, a voice that cried softly, asking peace.

On other shores, sun-kissed, she had heard that sound of many waters, pitiless then in its gaiety as it was soft and sad now; but always it repeated the same refrain.

"Come to me," it said. "You who are worn in body, sick in mind, prostrate in heart, deserted in life; come to me and I will lull you into sleep and forgetting. For all the desires that you have found vanity, the hopes you have seen perish; for all the tears that you have shed, the sins that you have sinned, the love that you have loved, there is only this left—sleep and forgetting!"

She heard the lure, and her spirit answered to it. Through sleep to what new awakening, to what better life? To rest, at least, and oblivion.

But not here. If God indeed, in His great pitifulness, having already loosened the cords of her life, were about to sever them and send her the pardon of death, she would fain yield her spirit on that other shore, where a dearer even than Maisie had left her. A fever filled her veins and lent her a fictitious strength; her distraught brain throbbed to this one insistent desire.

"I am coming, Harry!" she cried, flinging her message to the ebbing tide, her answer to that ceaseless challenge. Let little waves and great bear it across the world till, overleaping the reef and stealing over the still lagoon it reached the silence of the virgin forest and that tree rudely carved with a white man's name.

Then she turned, setting her face towards the hill-top crowned by the church, where the soft wind was already running to shake the elms and stir them to whispered music above the graves.

And the wind helped her, making her steps easy and light, and the mystery of the night closed round her.

(To be concluded.)



DRUM-MAJOR AND GOAT

THERE is a slight difficulty in writing the history of the Welsh Regiment; for until the year 1881 the 1st Battalion had an entirely distinct career from the 2nd Battalion. The former was the 41st Welsh Regiment of Foot, while the latter was the 69th South Lincolnshire Regiment of Foot: each with its individual history. But now they march under the same colours, with their "honours" named side by side thereon: so that there seems no reason why their tales should not be written down as one. Nevertheless, their separate origin must be noted.

The 41st Regiment had certainly an unromantic birth. It was formed from the maimed men and the old pensioners who had enough energy to serve as garrison guards. At their liveliest, we are told, they occasionally were sent to restore order in riotous towns at home. The regimental biographer, Lieut. Lomax, writes—"The officers were generally so aged as to be unfit for the most trivial exertion." The Regiment bore an appropriate name—Colonel Edmund Fieldings' Regiment of Invalids: it was, indeed, the convalescent side of Chelsea Hospital. There is a touch of humour when one remembers that their descendants now carry sixteen honours on their flag. An inspector's report of the year 1769 will throw light on the matter:

it names twelve officers over 60 years of age, two of them entered as stone blind; the rest "mostly wounded and infirm, and many have lost limbs. Many of the men stout and not old. The regiment is conformable to the King's order, and the clothing is good and new."

There is a delightfully pictorial page of history which tells how these somewhat tottering invalids were ordered one day at Portsmouth to quell a mutiny which had burst forth in a Highland regiment which had just arrived from America; they had been met with the news that they were at once to re-embark again for further foreign service. The men replied by seizing their officers; and then appeared the gallant 41st Royal Invalids to arrest the mutineers in turn. But, alas, the first old man to come forward was shot dead, and his comrades discreetly withdrew, all but their officer, and his pace was slow, for he had a wooden leg; and he was added to the spoils of the rebels. This heroic struggle has come down to us as the Battle of Portsmouth. But in 1787 an order was issued from the War Office as follows—"His Majesty has been pleased to order that the 41st Regiment shall be discontinued as a corps of Invalids . . . the said regiment is to serve in the line upon the same footing in every respect as his Majesty's other regiments of infantry." So much for the origin of the 1st Battalion.

The 2nd Battalion, the 69th as it was originally, came into existence in the ordinary way, namely, owing to the pressure of a Continental war. In this case it was the Seven Years' War, which began in 1756. It was levied in Lincolnshire by the Hon. Charles Colville; it being then the custom to grant the power of levy to some gentleman who would undertake the raising and commanding of a regiment, in return for a fixed sum paid by the State. Having thus distinguished the two parts

(The Pictures in this article are from photographs by Messrs. A. and G. Taylor)

The Welsh Regiment



THE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST WELSH REGIMENT

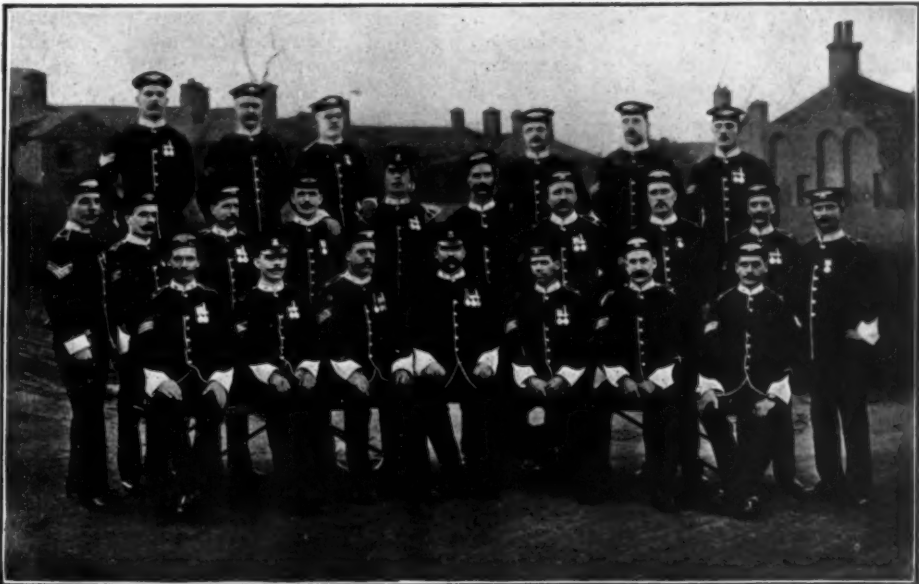
Back Row: Lieut. H. C. Davies, Lieut. P. L. W. Powell, Lieut. D. Webb, Lieut. M. J. Raikes,
Lieut. and Quarter-Master A. Gain.

Front Row: Lieut. A. H. Hobbs, Capt. Prothero, Col. F. R. Parkinson, Capt. Rhodes, and Capt. A. Derry, D.S.O.

of the Welsh Regiment in origin we can treat their histories together.

The first great battle in which they were

engaged was the sea-fight of St. Lucia, when Rodney beat the French; and for their share the 69th henceforward bore a



SERGEANTS OF THE REGIMENT

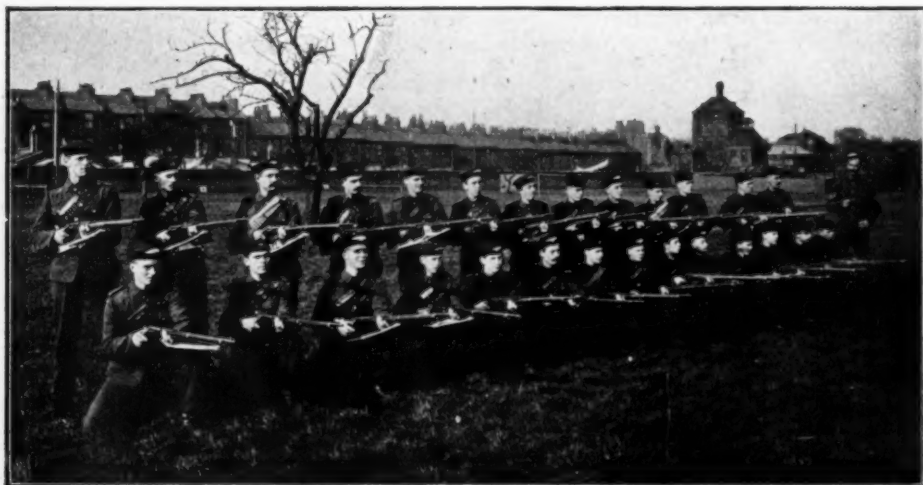
The Welsh Regiment



CORPORALS OF THE REGIMENT

wreath of laurel encircling the number on their colours. It will be remembered that the 41st were still mere invalids, and not therefore fit for great fights. It was also as Marines that the 69th sailed in 1793 to the Mediterranean Sea to attack the French Revolutionists at Toulon. They landed, indeed, but the young Bonaparte there began his career of victory, and the English were hopelessly defeated and driven to their ships again, the 69th losing very heavily. Then the English admiral sailed, with the 69th still as Marines, to Corsica. Bastia was first summoned to surrender;

an invitation to which the French Governor answered—"I have shot for your ships and bayonets for your troops; when two-thirds of our men are killed I will trust to your generosity." But the British were inside within thirty-seven days. Then the whole regiment while convoying merchantmen was captured by the French fleet together with half the convoyed ships, but immediately escaped in the dark of a stormy night, and reached Gibraltar. It was as Marines that the regiment gained its first honour, under Nelson at the battle of St. Vincent in 1797; the Spanish *St.*



SQUAD OF RECRUITS AT FIRING EXERCISE

The Welsh Regiment

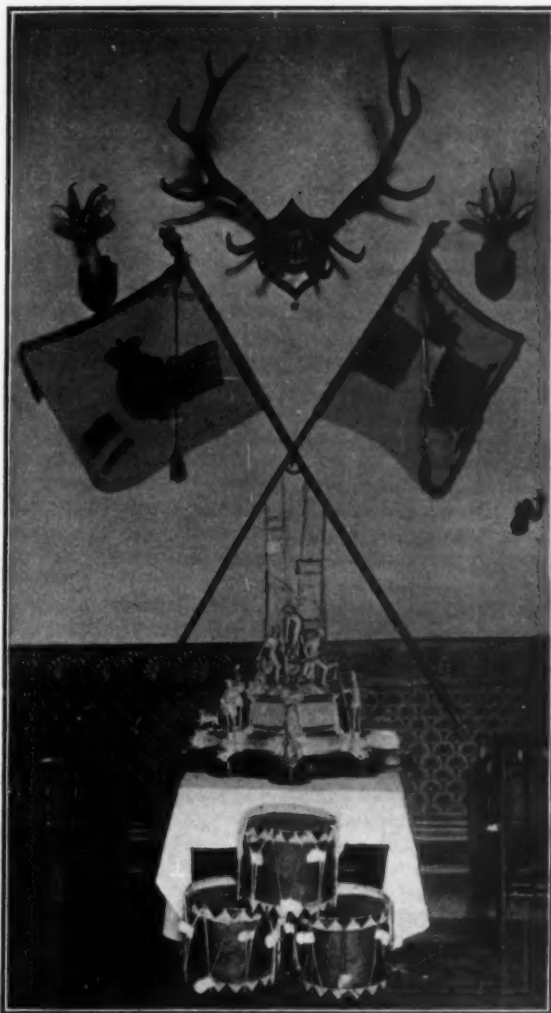


THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

Nicholas was boarded, and from the deck of that ship the English sailors and marines swarmed into the *San Josef*. It was one of the 69th who broke the gallery window which admitted Nelson and the rest. Since that day the regiment has borne the name which Nelson gave it, "my Old Agamemmons." Next, the disastrous expedition to Holland included the 69th, but it was only by the consent of the French to an exchange of prisoners that many of our troops returned home again. Abercrombie wrote—"What could tempt the French to agree to it I cannot conceive; one-half of this army must have fallen into their hands, with all our artillery and stores."

It was the 69th who played the chief part in that miniature Indian Mutiny at Vellore in 1806. They were surprised in their beds and many killed by the Sepoys. The survivors were barricaded helplessly in one part of the fort, while their women and children were butchered outside. The ammunition became exhausted, and the day passed under a

scorching fire from the rebels and a scorching sun. A few bags of coins were found, and immediately used as bullets. Even in the midst of the deadly peril an Irish soldier was heard shouting a grim request as he hit his man with the first rupee, "I'll trouble you for change out of that." Then the sick prisoners were marched into the courtyard, and shot before the eyes of the besieged Englishmen. The end of it was that a regiment of Dragoons came to the rescue from the cantonment of Arcot; and the sun set on a ghastly pile of rebel corpses.



COLOURS AND COLOUR-BELTS OF THE 1ST WELSH REGIMENT

Russian Drums taken at Inkerman, Centre Piece, illustrating the death of John Sterling, killed while carrying the Queen's Colours at Inkerman.

The Welsh Regiment

not altogether different thing from the end of the Englishmen in the courtyard a few hours before. The civilised European is not very easily distinguishable from the uncivilised native when it comes to war.

This same regiment also took part in the capture of Bourbon and Mauritius from the French; and here again they must have sometimes wondered whether they were seamen or soldiers, for the second

time in their history they were captured by the enemy while at sea.

There was another honour added to the colours at the assault of Fort Cornelius, when we captured Java from the Dutch in 1811. The wet season was coming on fast, and the capture had to be immediate or not at all. The attack was led by the same man, Gillespie, who had rescued the 69th at Vellore five years before.

Butler, the historian of the regiment, tells the tale of how the Grenadiers got inside the redoubt, only to be immediately blown into the air by the explosion of the magazine. "But the awful disaster was unheeded amidst the wild scene of carnage which now raged along the entire line." By other rushes the place was captured.

It was during the short war with the United States in 1812-14 that the old 41st Regiment won its first honours: four of them during the campaign at Detroit, Queenstown, Miami and Niagara. A large part of the regiment was, certainly, captured at Moravianstadt, but that was chiefly

because they were badly led; indeed, General Procter was sentenced by court-martial to be publicly reprimanded, and to be suspended from rank and pay for six months. At the capture of Fort Niagara, so quietly did the 41st do their work that the American commander slept peacefully until the next morning, when the English sentry who had been placed at the door broke the sad news to him. It was outside this fort that the English lost the key of the position, and fought for six hours, chiefly in the dark, until they recaptured it. But almost one-third of their men were killed or wounded.

The 41st were not present at Waterloo, though they were sent to do police duty in Paris immediately on Wellington's arrival there; but the 69th were both at Quatre Bras and at the subsequent battle. At the former place they were charged by the French cavalry. The regiment had been ordered to form square, but an incompetent general, who happened to be a prince, ordered them into line again; and it was hopeless to stand firm in such a position. Then the regiment retreated with the rest to Waterloo, and was placed with Halkett's division at the right centre. There is one very definite test of the work it did: there was no division which lost so heavily; it went into the battle less than two thousand strong, and almost seven hundred fell during the eight hours. Butler says—"Then followed the ceaseless charges of the French cavalry; for hours wave after wave rolled up the muddy incline, surged over the crest and swept against the squares which lined the inner slopes of the ridge. The cavalry rolling back from the squares was the signal to the French batteries to commence their cannonade . . . the inside of the square became full of dead and dying men." An eye-witness has written "it was grand beyond description. . . . Here a waving mass of long red feathers could be seen, there, gleams as from a sheet of steel showed that the Cuirassiers were moving, four hundred cannon were belching forth fire and death on every side." Since that day of Waterloo the 69th saw practically no active service until it went to South Africa in 1900.

But the 41st have done many things since 1815. They went through the Burma War of 1824; and also through the Afghanistan War of 1842. When Dr. Brydon arrived at Jellalabad, almost the only survivor of



A DRUMMER

The Welsh Regiment

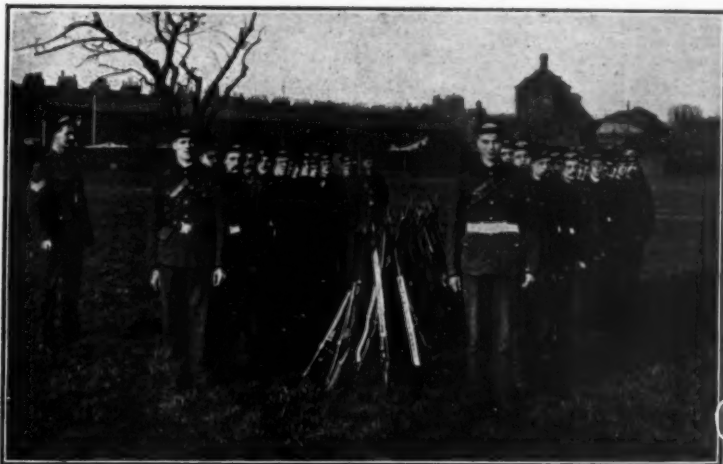
the sixteen thousand of the English force which had set out from Cabul, the 41st were stationed in India, and at once ordered to the front. At the first engagement at Hyderzie they lost heavily and were driven to retreat. But the advance eventually continued. The sentiments of the troops can be judged by the following description of how the light company of

the 41st took a fort. "The fort was found full of people all armed and resisting. Every door was forced, every man that could be found was slaughtered, they were pursued from yard to yard, from tower to tower, and very few escaped. . . . One door which they refused to open upon summons was blown in by a six-pounder, and every soul bayonnetted." Again, when the rich town of Istaliff was taken it was "given up to plunder," and from all accounts there seems to have been terrible licence given to the troops. It is satis-

factory to learn that the 41st, together with the 9th regiment, did their best to protect the women and children. Then when Cabul was reached "an infuriated mass of soldiers, both European and native, rushed into the town and commenced a sack to which the pillaging of Istaliff had been comparatively child's play." However, when the Great Pass was reached with its numberless skeletons to record the fateful march, we are told by an eyewitness that "we deemed that little enough had been done in vengeance." But it

would never do for a soldier to see the enemy's side of the question.

The Regiment bears on its colours the names of Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol, all to the credit of the old 41st. At the first, the men had to undergo that most dreadful of ordeals, inaction under a heavy fire; it is recorded that amongst the 41st "not a man had attempted to fire, and the most

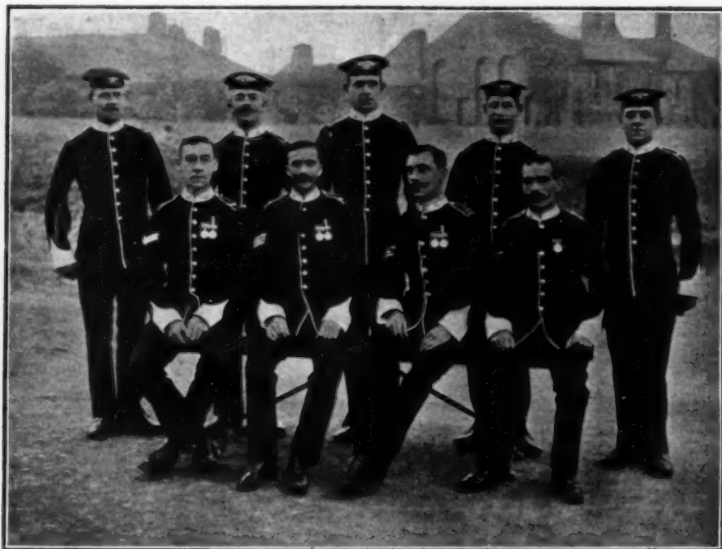


SQUAD OF RECRUITS: "FILE ARMS," "STAND CLEAR"



THE MACHINE GUN SECTION

The Welsh Regiment



THE ORDERLY ROOM STAFF

perfect silence had been maintained." At Inkerman they fought like their fellows in the "soldiers' battle"; the regiments dissolved themselves into individuals. When the French reinforcements arrived it is said that their general looked for divisions, brigades, or even regiments, but found none. The ground seemed covered with small groups of men who were carrying on the fight most obstinately, but with no particular method.

The regiment took a very active part in the attack on the Redan of the 8th of September which failed so utterly; and

the Englishmen thought enviously of how the French had done their duty so much more successfully at Malakoff. But they were not to have the privilege of doing better next time, for the Russians quietly deserted the fort, and the English did not enter it until it was empty, and the Crimean War was over. Except for some work in Egypt, the regiment was not again in active service until it went to South Africa to take part in the Boer War; by which time of course it had become the united Welsh Regiment.

Alone

ROUND the grey stone that marks thy place of rest
Cluster pink roses, born of yesterday.
Golden laburnum and rich snow-white may
Breathe their sweet scent-souls round thee, hastening lest
Each fragile petal, by Time's fingers prest,
Wither and fade, as thou hast done, away,
Before its fragrance weds the wooing ray.
Here, kneeling, Love, I wait for thy behest.

In the past joyous days, now buried deep
By piled-up earthy sorrows—e'en as thou—
Love crowned our feast, and harmony's low swell
Sang through the days, or softly lulled to sleep,
Marking the consummation of our vow.
Now I, alone, kneel in this flower-ringed dell.

DAVID MCLEAN.



A Bond Street Dressmaker

I HAVE always believed, and I think every woman will agree with me, that dresses and gowns have distinct personalities, characters of their own, sympathetic or antagonistic, grave or gay, entirely apart from their shape or colour or the purpose for which they were intended. How common an experience it is to find that a gown over whose construction no end of time and trouble has been wasted, obstinately refuses to adapt itself to the person of its wearer, but pulls and stretches and draws in the most irritating way. The reverse experience is none the less frequent; a simple muslin, perhaps, made by the most unpretentious of dressmakers, seems positively to take pleasure in its own existence, so delightfully does it fall into graceful folds, clinging with an almost sentient caress to the limbs of its happy owner.

Pondering on these things, and wondering how benevolent individualities may be invoked, why gowns are sometimes amicable and sometimes contrary, I found my way to a certain spot in Bond Street. Guided by a simple brass plate bearing a short legend I followed its direction, and presently found myself in an apartment whose air of refinement and well-being was refreshing in the extreme.

I amused myself in looking over some antique bric-à-brac in a cabinet until my card had found its way to the mistress of the establishment, who at once appeared, and before many minutes we were deep in the mysteries of modes and chiffons.

I have paid many subsequent visits to this same *salon*, but never has there been the faintest suggestion of a fashion-plate—here gowns are created, not copied. The lady herself wore some beautifully-arranged garment, which eminently set off her own good points, but which no one would think of imitating, it seemed made for her and for her only. There were no languid models trailing about in borrowed fineries. My friend, as she afterwards came to be, gathered a quick impression of my appearance as we talked and moved from place to place, and going to a cabinet took out some coloured stuffs which she asked me to examine. I quickly found my favourite tone, fortunately one which did not ill-become me. After a few moments' thought I was asked the probable uses of the gown, and then I retired to return in a few days. Upon my second arrival I was ushered into

a small mirror-walled room, where my gown lay ready to be tried. During this long and usually tedious process I asked many questions about dress-fashioning, and found out many secrets which had never been revealed to me before.

There are many kinds of dressmakers—those who love their profession and look upon each new customer as a work of art around which they are permitted to create a frame, who work in conjunction with nature, not in defiance of her, and who regard a beautiful dress as it leaves their hand as an artist may regard his latest picture; who study the dresses of to-day, comparing them with those of long ago, finding inspiration in the picture-galleries for gowns to be worn by modern beautiful women. There are also dressmakers who are dressmakers by chance, or because they could find nothing else to do, who surround themselves with a multitude of fashion-plates and Parisian models in order that their sluggish brains may be spared the exertion of producing original designs. Gowns from such a source come out in battalions, and their class is determined only by the price to be paid, the number of yards consumed in their manufacture. Their personality is imported to order.

My informant did not for a moment suggest that Paris was not her most fertile source of inspiration—a week or ten days spent there each season is part of her life—but she utterly refused to admit that any habit of whatever description could be taken from the back of one woman and placed upon another without there being a strong revolt on both the part of the woman and the gown, to say nothing of the mutual expression of dissatisfaction impressed upon the beholder. Here at last was the secret of the antipathy we all have for the ready-made “hand-me-down,” the “costume coat,” and the “Paris model pelisse.” These much-abused garments made for an automaton can have but an automaton's soul. This is why, lined though they may be with crisping silks and fashioned of the costliest materials, they can never be more than so many yards of dry goods cut to more or less fantastic shapes. This is why gowns produced by an artist are never like any other gowns; each one is separate, each gown is its own model, inspired by many designs, but with the touch of the creator strong in each

A Bond Street Dressmaker

simplest detail, the brain through which many impressions have passed forcing from the chaos a completely original production.

Knowing these things, then, is it not worth while having one's gowns created with souls and where the most beautiful sartorial personalities are to be procured? Is the advantage to be gained worth the extra expense, and will one gown thus fashioned take the place in the economical woman's wardrobe of a multitude of indifferently-constructed garments?

It is always difficult to persuade women that the greater the expense the greater the economy, in some things, at least, and the modern woman is still attracted with almost the same fascination as her barbaric sister toward gaily-coloured stuffs in special sale windows. There are still intelligent women who will load a cheap dress bought at a bargain mark-down with cheaper ornaments, that its glaring defects may be decently hidden.

But once convinced of the real economy of the proceeding I doubt not our disciple will find her way to the brass plate in Bond Street; she too will idly admire the bric-a-brac, or perhaps, if she happen to look pale and fagged after the great mental effort needed to arrive at this conclusion, she will be served with the daintiest cup of tea, and once having entered the magic circle she will not escape its fascinations. Each succeeding season will see her returning to be soothed and understood and sympathised with. It will no longer be necessary for her to take account of the fast accumulating silver threads, of the all too prominent creases inspired by cruel time; the woman whose profession it is to make a beauty and pleasure of these things will relieve her patron of these carping worries, to her a tinge of grey in the tresses is the signal for another scheme of colour, another mode of raiment, a welcome opportunity of change looked forward to and pleasantly anticipated. The first suggestion of ivory in the face of a delicate woman will mean for her the introduction into that woman's dress of all those beautiful, subtle, old-world tints which we are learning once more to imitate where we cannot procure the real thing.

And, by the bye, it is worth remembering that a dress which is eminently becoming need not conform to the latest whim of fashion. For the woman who has a style of her own the changes of mode have no

terror; she may vary materials and adapt her models to the prevailing tendency, but the informing spirit is always the same.

Experience has taught such a dress artist as I have described how to substitute beautiful and true lines for the stiff, meaningless angles of the lay figure, her masterpieces are modelled direct upon the living body. She, who began to make fantastic draperies for her dolls in the nursery, whose services were always in demand by a large family of sisters, and who, the moment arrived when it became necessary to look about for a serious bread-winning occupation, turned to her favourite pastime, naturally gives to her work the best and the most original conceptions of a strikingly original brain.

Of course the start was modest in the extreme; first obliged to construct gowns for her patronising friends out of odds and ends of material they would have blushed to give to a "real dressmaker," yet always realising that perseverance meant the acquisition of those friends' acquaintances and so of other patrons. There were plenty of discouraging failures in those early days; the even now scarcely overcome weakness for cutting out two sleeves for the same arm, for reversing lining and outside, weaknesses in themselves trivial and unimportant, but assuming the character of disaster when connected with rare stuff or priceless lace which must be replaced at the expense of the newly-launched dressmaker, whose modest demands absolutely failed to cover such heavy drains, and a thousand difficulties the more, some really great, some petty, but all met and overcome, until to-day the brass plate in Bond Street laconically records the ultimate result.

But even to-day every garment is cut and designed and fitted by the mistress herself, though a staff of half-a-hundred experienced workwomen and embroiderers do the mechanical part.

Each gown is made for its wearer in every sense of the word, her good points are accentuated, her faults skilfully concealed. Whether of serge or of satin there is always something so sympathetically personal, so absolutely appropriate in these gowns that they may be summed up in one word—refined. Nor time nor wear nor change of mode can detract from their elegance. This is the secret of their economy—they are cheap because they are good, they are beautiful because they are the result of innate taste and intelligent study.

Six Years at the Russian Court

BY M. EAGAR

(FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE CZARINA)

CHAPTER XXII

THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

THE Court season this year was destined to be broken off by the sudden outbreak of war in the East. The children, even little Anastasie, immediately began to work at frame knitting. They made scarves for the soldiers, and Olga and Tatiana crocheted caps indefatigably. The Empress started working parties, and had more than five thousand ladies working for her.

Some of the work was done very peculiarly; one girl sewed the sleeves of a shirt she was given to make into the collar band; another had a pair of surgical trousers to make, and gathering them along the top, put them into a twenty-inch waist band; it was very funny, but at the same time I doubt whether the same class of girls in any other country would have done better, for all these people belonged to the Court circles.

A band of girls came to the Empress and petitioned her to send them out to the war to nurse the wounded. Their request was refused, but the Empress said to them, "If you really wish to help you can go into the hospitals in St. Petersburg and work there, leaving the trained nurses free to go to the front." Without exceptions they all went and did what she suggested, and most of them stuck to it also. One girl, the belle of St. Petersburg, aged nineteen, got on so well that she was soon placed in charge of a ward for night work.

One evening on coming to the hospital she found a young woman of the peasant class in charge of her work. She went to see the matron, who said, "I had a vacancy which I intended for my niece. You took it; but as you are only taking up nursing for a pastime, I sent for my niece and put her there, for she will take it up as a profession. You can do anything you like, but my niece stays there." The girl was vexed; she felt she could not tolerate such treatment, so she walked away. She had only got to the foot of the stairs when she thought of the motive which led her into the hospital at first, and saying to herself,

"My love for my country is a very poor thing if I cannot stand a little snub," she returned, and worked all night under the direction of this ignorant peasant woman, who had usurped her place.

It was very sad to me to witness the wrathful, vindictive spirit that the war raised in my little charges. One of the illustrated papers had a picture of the baby children of the Crown Prince of Japan. Marie and Anastasie came running across to see the picture, and wanted to know who those queer little children were. I told them, and with a look of hatred coming into her sweet little face, Marie slapped the picture with her open hand, "Horrid little people," said she, "they came and destroyed our poor ships and drowned our sailors." I explained to her that it was not these little children, who were only babies, younger than Anastasie. So she said, "Yes! those little babies did it. Mamma told me the Japs were all only little people."

Olga was working very diligently one day and said to me, "I hope the Russian soldiers will kill all the Japanese, not leave even one alive." I told her there were many little children and women in Japan, people who could not fight; and asked her if she really thought it would be good of the Russian soldiers to kill them. She reflected for a moment, and then asked, "Have they an Emperor in Japan?" I answered, "Certainly." She asked various other questions which I answered, then she said slowly, "I did not know that the Japanese were people like ourselves. I thought they were only like monkeys." She never said again anything about being pleased to hear of the deaths of the Japanese.

Some one in speaking to me of the four little girls lately, said to me, "Olga has grace, wit, and good looks; Tatiana is a regular beauty; Marie is so sweet-natured, good, and obliging, no one could help loving her; but little Anastasie has personal charm beyond any child I ever saw." It was a good, and so far as it went, a true summary of the children as they would appear to a stranger, but there is a great

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deal more depth and strength of character in all the children than appears at first sight. I often wonder what use they will make of all the talents God has entrusted them with, and feel assured, that as the apple never falls very far from the tree, so with such good parents my dear little charges will never go astray.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS

MANY a time have I seen Russian soldiers, marching along to the regimental band, and when it stopped playing, singing choruses with vigour. They are not so spick-and-span in their equipment as ours, but a fine, hard-looking set of men.

The Cossack regiments are most picturesque, they are magnificent horsemen, and can stoop from the saddle and pick up any small article from the ground. I have always thought them slightly theatrical in costume, though their faces look martial enough for anything. On holidays they wear long scarlet coats, reaching nearly to the ankles, and top boots wrinkled at the legs. Their everyday uniform is a dark blue coat, lined with scarlet. They are armed with silver-mounted swords, often heirlooms in their family, and wear a silver-mounted dagger in their belts, and they carry a rifle, the cartridges being slung across the breast of the coat. When the men are on horse-back the rifle is carried across the saddle. The Cossacks are expert marksmen, and can hit a target while going at full gallop. They are devoted to the Imperial family.

The Russian soldier receives board, lodgings, uniform, and washing; and pocket-money at the rate of about one shilling per month. Out of this he has to provide himself with threads. He can, of course, earn a little more by doing odd jobs for his superiors, or acting as servant in a superior's family. I have frequently seen a private taking the children of an officer out for a walk. They are kindly, handy creatures, and always seem devoted to the little ones in their charge. The soldier receives his pocket-money every week, and generally puts by a little of it till he has saved about sixpence or eightpence. When he has this magnificent sum in his possession he indulges in his favourite amusement, i. e. he takes a street carriage and

goes for a drive. Very funny and solemn he looks driving up and down the Nevsky.

No officer can live on his pay in Russia. A captain receives £20 per annum, which is not enough to dress him even. I myself know a general on half-pay. His income was just £30 per annum, and he had a wife and daughter to keep. In his youth he had painted pictures in water-colours. These he sold either in shops or to his friends, but his pictures had little or no merit, and became increasingly difficult to dispose of. When he rose to be a colonel, his rank forbade him to try and sell his paintings, and so he bought a camera and eked out a miserable livelihood by photographing all sorts of scenes and selling the pictures. Amateur photographers were rare then, and for a while he did well. He used to be allowed to travel with the Imperial family, and sent his photographs for reproduction in the newspapers; but he was old, unable for the fatigue of such a life, and was obliged to give it up. The Emperor gave him a flat, with wood and light, and there this brave old soldier lives with his wife and one daughter on his £30 per annum. A miserable life indeed! He chose the wrong profession, one would say, but he still assures me that there is no life like the soldier's one even without private means.

I came into conflict with the military in Tsarskoe Selo one time. A room had been fitted up in the palace as a church, and the Empress and children attended service there on Sunday mornings. The Empress told me to get into the church by a little side door, which would bring me just behind her chair, as all her three children were in church, and Marie Nicolaïna was so tiny a child that she might get restless. I went and found a soldier mounting guard outside the door, he refused to let me pass. I speak Russian very badly, and I tried to explain, but all to no purpose. So I waited, and he stood and looked at me. Presently one of the Grand Dukes came along, and I explained the situation to him. He turned to the soldier and he told him to let me pass. The soldier again refused, and the Grand Duke told him who he was. Of course, the soldier did not know him, and replied, "I don't care if you are the Emperor himself." The Grand Duke then asked him who had stationed him there, and the soldier replied, "My corporal, and without his permission I shall not allow

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any one to pass through this door."

The Grand Duke then told me to wait for a few minutes, and he went off and found the corporal. The latter, when he came, was in a terrible rage. He seized the unfortunate soldier by the shoulders and began to shake him, but the Grand Duke interposed, told the corporal that the man was only doing his duty in obeying orders, and turning to the soldier complimented him highly, and said he was pleased to find that the soldiers were so obedient and so faithful to their orders. The poor soldier had tears in his eyes when the Grand Duke

THESE
PICTURES
ARE FROM
SKETCHES
BY THE
GRAND
DUCHESS
OLGA,
THE ELDEST
CHILD OF
THE CZAR
AND
CZARINA

had finished speaking. Orders were given that in future I should be allowed to pass on giving my name.

On one occasion the Grand Duke Paul's children came to their own house at Tsarskoe Selo. A sentry was placed in the garden, but he did not know the children at all, and probably mistook the hour at which they were expected. He was dumfounded when the children came running up and began to play in the sacred gymnasium and swing in the holy swings. He approached and said in his sternest tones—"What are you doing here? Don't you know that these gardens and all in them belong to Dimitri and Marie Paulovitch?" Dimitri mildly announced his identity, and the soldier said, with great scorn, "Oh yes, it is very easy to say, 'I am the Grand Duke Dimitri,' but thou art a liar," using the familiar form of address. His distress was very great when he found that the children really belonged to the Imperial family.



Six Years at the Russian Court

Conscription is the rule in Russia. When the term of service, two years, is finished, the soldiers can, if they are willing, sign on for a longer period or for life; many of them do so.

When the war in the East broke out the Emperor got many thousands of letter forms printed, and the children and I folded them, put them in envelopes, and stamped them—or many of them. The form of letter was something as follows—“My dear Parents,—I am at — in the battle of — I was wounded in — (or) I am ill in hospital (or) I am in good health. How are —? Give my love to —” The blanks were to be filled in by a comrade who could write, or by a nurse. Many thousands of these letters were returned to cheer the hearts of anxious relatives.

I was given a good many presents for the Empress's working party. A gentleman gave me five thousand roubles for the Empress; a lady gave me five hundred pounds of soap and quantities of tow for the soldiers. There was a corridor at the Winter Palace packed with cases full of comforts for the soldiers. These were sent off every week, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that all we sent out arrived safely. But many strange stories were current as to the fate of the parcels sent from other working parties. One of the Grand Duchesses was head of the Red Cross Society, and had an enormous working party. She heard that when the boxes reached their destination they were half-filled with rubbish. So the story goes that one evening, just before the train started for the East, she and one of her ladies went up to the station and insisted on examining the boxes. She found that the cases were half-filled with stones and rubbish, with a layer of goods laid over them.

The Empress wished each soldier to receive a separate bundle for Easter, each containing one shirt, one handkerchief, one pair of socks, a set of bandages for the legs, one woollen cap, one parcel of tobacco with cigarette papers, one piece of soap and tow for washing; tea, coffee, sugar; note-paper and stamped envelopes, and a printed letter form. Nearly every one in the palace sent at least one such parcel, with the name and address of the donor inside; and many grateful letters were received from the recipients.

At the beginning of the war all nurses sent to the front were thoroughly trained,

but later, when it became necessary to send more nurses, the authorities took almost all who volunteered, provided their health was good, gave them a short training, just six weeks in a military hospital, and sent them out. I saw one of these girls when she was ready to go out. She informed me that she had learned to read Latin, and could prescribe for patients as well as nurse them! All this in six weeks, and she had been a servant girl. Well, a few days in the hospital at the front would soon take that idea out of her.

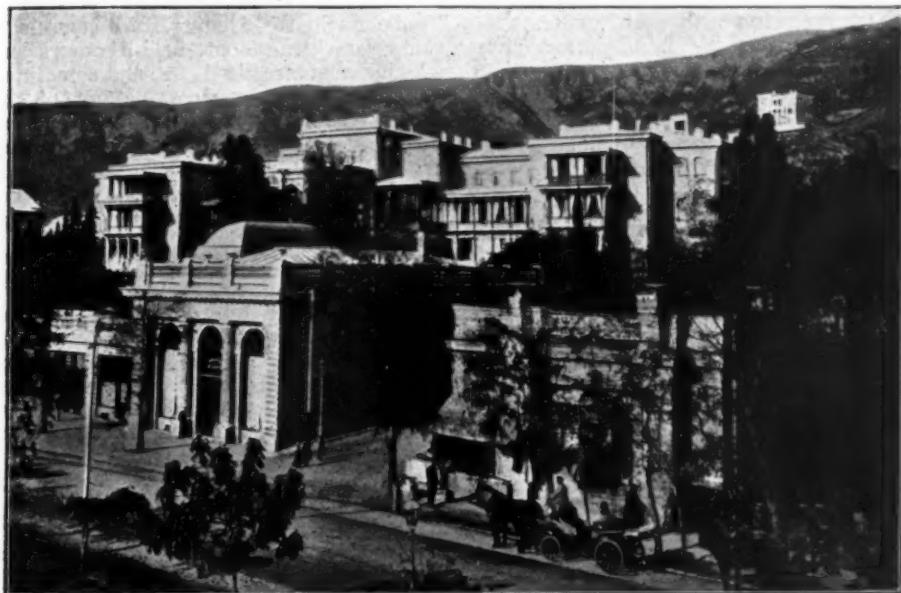
CHAPTER XXIV

ATTACKS ON THE CZAR'S LIFE

MANY false reports have been spread about attempts on the Emperor's life, but nevertheless a number of such attempts have been made. It is well known, of course, that when as Czarovitch he was travelling in Japan a fanatic attacked him with a bludgeon. Prince George of Greece, his cousin, arrested the blow, but the Emperor got a nasty cut, notwithstanding, and was laid up for a few days afterwards. He bears the mark on his forehead to this day. On the anniversary of that day there are Thanksgiving Services all through Russia, and the day is kept as a holiday throughout the Empire.

The first year we were in the Crimea, a diabolical plot against the Imperial family was formed. The grounds of Livadia are open to the public while the Imperial family are away. There was a priest in Yalta who used to like to stroll about among the vineyards and gardens, was exceedingly affable and kind, and showed a great curiosity regarding the daily life of the Emperor and family. He asked about the water supply, and even penetrated into the wood-cellar. Before the Imperial family go into any town a police officer is sent to make inquiries regarding all in the place. On this occasion all were easily identified, with the exception of this priest. The police officer telegraphed to the town from which he said he came, and received an answer saying that all the priests belonging to the town were in charge of their churches. No one was absent, nor was anything known of him. One day when he was walking about Livadia, the police entered his rooms. They found many incriminating papers, explosives and even poisons. The explosives were destined for the wood-cellar, and the

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THE HÔTEL DE RUSSIE, YALTA, IN THE CRIMEA

It was feared at one time that the mutineers of the battleship *Kniaz Potemkin* would train their guns on this town, which is a favourite watering-place of the Court and the aristocracy.

poison for the water supply! It was fortunate that the springs in Livadia itself were dry that year, and the water was brought from a distance. The pseudo priest was arrested and severely punished.

Another attempt was made some time before I went to Russia. The little church in Tsarskoe Selo had been altered, and was to be opened formally by Mass and a Te Deum. Just before Divine service began a soldier discovered a bomb under a curtain just behind the Emperor's and Empress's places in church. Had it exploded hundreds of persons would have perished. The author of this crime was a young man of University education. His mother had been early left a widow with this one child, a baby in arms. She was almost penniless, when a housemaid in the palace heard of her, was moved with compassion towards her and her baby, and gave her some white sewing to do. She interested others in the household in her sad case, and she was generously paid and helped. She was shortly enabled to start a workroom with apprentices, and got on well. When first she began she used to carry her baby in her arms in and out of the palaces, and afterwards, as he got bigger, he used to

fetch and carry work for her. He thus got to know all the palaces, and the guards let him pass without trouble. He was well educated and entered the University. Here he became entangled in a secret society, and owing to his intimate knowledge of the palaces, was chosen for the dreadful deed.

He was arrested, and confessed, but would not give the names of his accomplices. He was sent to Siberia for life. The shock of the affair killed his poor mother. The day he was arrested she died, as she said herself, of a broken heart.

The last attempt on the Emperor was most subtle. A parcel, posted at Suez, was sent to the Emperor marked "Private." He received it while seated at tea with the Empress. On being opened it was found to contain a piece of dirty cloth, apparently cut from an old pair of trousers. He exclaimed in wonder at receiving such a curious thing. The Empress seized the tongs, and, taking the dirty cloth in them, sent it from the room. It was examined and found to be full of plague germs!

Much has lately been written regarding a constitution for Russia. It will undoubtedly come in the course of time, but so far as I can judge, the people are not yet ready

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for it; not one in ten thousand understands the meaning of the word. A person fairly well educated was talking to me one time about the want of liberty in Russia. I told her that she could have very little more liberty in England than she had in Russia, being a woman and obliged to work for her living. I told her that the only liberty one could have was in keeping the laws and following them. She was greatly amazed, and asked me if we had laws in England. I replied, "Certainly, and those who break them speedily find themselves in prison." "What!" she exclaimed, "prisons in free England!" She went on to ask what was forbidden to people in England, and was greatly amazed when I gave her a list. She told me she would not go any more to see those people who had been telling her that she was only a slave!

Employers of labour in Russia are in many instances obliged to hire workers from day to day. The Russian workmen do not like to work for a whole week right off; no matter what the press of business may be, they will suddenly announce that they are tired and want a holiday, and go off for two or three days without even finishing the job in hand.

The proprietor of some petroleum wells in the Caucasus told me this story. He had been called upon to settle a strike, and came over from London for the purpose. He saw the men, who submitted a list of claims—shorter hours, more pay, and a supply of water for drinking purposes, being the chief things. The last item in their list of grievances was, "We do not like an autocratic sovereign." He told them that the water supply was being brought as quickly as possible. He added five kopecs, about 1½d., per day to their wages, and took an hour off the day's work. "And as for the last thing," he said, "it shall have my most earnest consideration." It was rather puzzling to know what these poor workers expected of their employer, or how they looked to be benefited by a constitution.

It is only a little more than forty years since Alexander II. freed the slaves. It was a noble action, but it might have been more beneficial had it been done in a different manner. It is, of course, very easy to be wise after the event, and in this case no one could foresee the event. The poor peasants were slaves in the morning, and

freed men in the evening. All house-servants were turned out, field-labourers and working men were let loose, and committed the most awful excesses. Many of the house-servants returned to their masters and begged to be taken back in their homes. To this day in some households there are old men and women slaves, not receiving any wages, but working for their keep, and receiving clothing from the hands of their mistresses and masters.

In consequence of the extreme misery and famine which fell on the country through the madness of these poor freed slaves, laws were passed, binding the peasant to the land in which he was born. A peasant could leave his district only after complying with very stringent regulations, and paying a sum of money to the Starosta or Elder. Two years ago the Emperor proclaimed that these peasants were henceforth free to leave their villages and go where they liked. I do not know that many availed themselves of this permission, however.

Russia has a kind of local government, but until the people are better educated it seems to me that a constitution is out of the question for them. They are not capable of guiding themselves. The little nursery party in Tsarskoe Selo would be just as well able to arrange their daily life without the aid of "grown-ups" as are the Russians in general. What they do want, and want badly, are clean hands in the executive.

During the past forty years Russia has made gigantic strides towards civilisation. In the matter of the higher education for women she is well abreast of the times. In St. Petersburg and Moscow, and in fact all the great centres, there are hundreds of women working as doctors, chemists, dentists, and even finding employment in banks. Russian industries are protected by a high tariff. Buy an article in England and have it sent to you and you will find that you pay about as much again in Custom House duties as the thing cost in England. Linen is almost as good as that produced in Ireland, but cottons and woollen materials fall very far behind our own productions, which are, however, prohibitory in prices to all with limited means. I have myself seen ordinary English piqué sold in Russia for 4s. 6d. the archine—about three-quarters of a yard, while Russian piqué can be had for about tenpence.

Six Years at the Russian Court

CHAPTER XXV

SOCIAL LIFE IN RUSSIA

SOCIAL life is much simpler than in England. At theatres and dinners in public places, hotels, restaurants, and so forth, afternoon dress is considered *de rigueur*. No one would think of putting on a *décolleté* gown. It would be considered very bad form. At theatres, however, both in the morning and evening, hats are removed as an act of courtesy to those who are seated behind. At all small parties, whether dinner, dancing, or music, or small games, a light silk, muslin, or canvas dress, made high, is worn.

But at all big functions full dress is worn. At a Court luncheon a low-necked dress and a large picture hat is the costume. Men, however, unless in uniform, wear evening dress oftener than with us. A music-master will give his lessons in the regulation evening suit. It looks very funny.

On the first of January all men drive round to their acquaintances in full evening dress, congratulate the ladies, and are supposed to drink their health. For this they put on evening dress; they start about nine o'clock in the morning, so it looks rather peculiar. Poor fellows! they come home in the evening generally worn out, very hungry, and with a raging headache, born of all the sips of *vodka* taken during the day.

Nine o'clock in the evening is a favourite time for paying visits. At this hour the Russians drink tea; the tray is brought in, and glasses of tea are dispensed without cream or milk, but very sweet, and with slices of lemon floating in each glass. Or if preferred, a spoonful of jam is stirred into the glass. They looked upon me as a perfect heathen because I don't take sugar in tea. A sister of mine was visiting in a farm-

house in the north of Ireland once, and said to the hostess, "Please, no sugar for me." She looked surprised, but answered encouragingly, "Oh! Miss H—, we have *plenty* of sugar in the house." Well, that did not happen to me in Russia, but much surprise was expressed at my want of taste. Russians will sometimes hold a lump of sugar in their fingers, and nibble a bit of it before taking a mouthful of tea. They say it tastes better so.

The tea-table is always well-furnished with cakes of various kinds, some of them particularly nasty. I used to think they were flavoured with hair-oil. Linseed and poppy seeds are all largely used in confectionery; fruit and bonbons are also served with tea.

The tea equipage is generally very dainty, the glasses are put into silver stands with handles to enable them to be lifted with ease, pretty gilt or enamelled silver is used, and the napery is of the finest, most dainty description; for Russians love fine linen. Every Russian has his or her own store of linen, just as he has his own underclothing, and I have heard much wonder expressed at the bare idea of sleeping on the sheets, and pillow covers, of other people. Even a servant brings her own house linen with her.

Duelling is still a recognised institution in the land of the Czar. One of the officers about the Court is said to have fought

three, and killed his man each time. I always felt a horror of the man, but I believe, notwithstanding his bloody record, he was quite harmless, and even good-natured.

On one occasion a young officer of a Cossack regiment took two girls from a *café chantant* to spend a day in the country. In the evening all three, being heated with wine, made their way to the station; the women entered the train and the Prince stood on the platform talking to



PEASANTS OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA

Six Years at the Russian Court

a friend. The women had seated themselves opposite a gentleman who had a terrible scar on his face, the result of a sword-cut, which had laid open his visage from temple to chin. The two women began to make impertinent and offensive remarks about the man and his appearance. They were French, and spoke in their own language. He at last replied to them in French, "Ladies, when first you got into the train I thought you were French ladies, I now see I was mistaken. French ladies are too delicate in sentiment, and too polite to mock at a scar won in honourable warfare. I now perceive that you are nothing but a pair of peasants." He got up and went to another part of the train, leaving the women speechless under his well-merited rebuke.

When the Prince got into the train the women told him that they had been insulted, described the appearance of the gentleman, and urged him to challenge him for a duel. The Prince accordingly sought him out and gave him his card, saying, "You have insulted *mes dames* and must fight a duel." Now the other was a retired military man, who had fought for the Boers against England. He had also been through the Turkish war, and had seventeen wounds on his body. After the war in South Africa was over, he had returned to Russia and taken up journalism as a profession. He had no wish to fight a duel, and replied to the effect that he had seen rivers of blood flow, had the scars of seventeen wounds on his body, and no one, therefore, could call his courage into question. He would not fight, specially not for two such women as those. He was a journalist, and only desired peace.

The Prince returned to his companions. When the train arrived in St. Petersburg the journalist was the last person to alight; but his enemies were waiting outside the station for him. As he approached, one woman pushed her companion against him violently. He caught her by the arms and steadied her or she would have fallen, and he then tried to pass on. But the Prince blocked his way. Forcing his card on him he demanded his address, and satisfaction. In the course of the evening two friends of the Prince called upon the journalist. The latter again refused to fight,

but said that the officer owed him an apology. This, of course, was refused.

Now an officer cannot fight a duel without permission from his general, and at the moment the latter was in Tsarskoe Selo in attendance on the Emperor, who was there for manoeuvres. When he returned he found himself unable to come to any decision, and the matter was referred to the Emperor, who gave permission for the duel to take place. The place of meeting was just outside Peterhoff, where we were residing at the moment. Lots were drawn, and the Prince had the first shot. He aimed for the scar in the journalist's face, but missed him by a hair's breadth. The journalist, wishing to wound his antagonist slightly, aimed low, intending to inflict a flesh wound in the thigh, but the pistol carried too high, and the bullet entered the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound. The journalist, full of horror, threw down his pistol, and going up to his foe, asked his forgiveness, saying he had no intention of inflicting so severe a punishment. The dying man refused to shake hands, and cursed him bitterly. Shortly afterwards he expired.

His younger brother took up the quarrel and sent a challenge to the journalist; but there was absolutely no ground for a second duel, and permission was refused.

During the winter the journalist was picked up in an unconscious state in the streets of St. Petersburg, and was carried to the hospital. He was terribly injured. He rallied a little and declared that the younger brother of the man he had shot had entered his flat after midnight, accompanied by three friends, and had thrown him from the window in revenge. A couple of days after he died. The Prince and his friends on their part denied the truth of the whole story, and said that the journalist had had a card party in his rooms on the evening in question; a dispute had arisen, and he was thrown from the window by his own friends. But no evidence on the point was forthcoming, and the journalist's own servant knew nothing about the card party. The unfortunate man's rooms showed signs of a terrible struggle. No inquiry into the truth of either story was made, the authorities accepted the living man's story, and the matter ended.

(To be continued.)

The Critic on the Hearth¹

THE SUPPRESSION OF CONVENTIONALITY

BY JOHN A. STEUART

DOES any ardent, patriotic soul in these islands burn to confer a boon on his age and country? Then let him forthwith organise a society for the suppression of conventionality. That such a society, endowed with plenary powers, is greatly needed no candid observer will deny, far less any one deserving the name of philosopher. For unhappily it is no paradox to say that the more strenuous, the more intense and diversified (seemingly) our life becomes, the faster we are held in the bonds of convention. Which of us, I asked, looking round the table, dares to be himself? Vaunting our freedom, we resort to all sorts of tricks and devices to contradict ourselves by showing how thoroughly and scrupulously we adhere to fashion. When a man (as occasionally happens) has the courage to show individuality, how is he regarded? Do we call him brave, honest, self-respecting? No, we call him eccentric, smiling in infinite superiority as we pronounce the word. Eccentric because he does not choose to be a feather-headed follower of custom, however ridiculous! What are we coming to?

A Tale of Wrong

Solomon reminded me quietly that Bedlam thinks all the world mad but itself. He was good enough to suppose I did not agree with Bedlam (I blushed at the compliment), nor in the main deny that it is the right of majorities to make laws for minorities. Hold, hold, I cried. Do you mean to tell me that if two men decide to take the goods of a third they are justified because they are in a clear majority? I hope you will not go whispering any such heresy among the sages at Westminster. As to your proposition, if you are correct, then history is one long tale of wrong, for its lesson is that it has always been the privilege of the minority to make laws for the majority. Moreover, the governed majority are supposed to find perpetual delight in toiling for the governing minority. The whole theory of society, in fact,

is that the many shall give themselves and their substance for the benefit of the few—and make the contribution ungrudgingly. Mistakes and misunderstandings have at times arisen, as in the French Revolution and the periodic upheavals in Russia: but on the whole the good old rule works with tolerable smoothness.

Burglar's Doctrine

Squirming a little Solomon replied that in any case he found it a comforting and convenient thing to be guided by precedent. It saves a lot of trouble. And encourages laziness and confusion of thought, I rejoined. Possibly you have noticed that when a judge is in doubt concerning the justice of his decision he falls back on precedent. There is no law so bad, no judgment so foolish as to be without precedent. But look at the matter closely and you will see that in reality precedent can be no true or just guide, inasmuch as no case, at any rate in the realm of conduct, repeats itself precisely. Procedure should vary as occasion needs.

"The burglar's doctrine exactly," laughed Solomon. "Do you therefore credit him with being a very wise and prudent sort of person?"

The Folly of Crime

Rather I hold him to be an unmitigated fool. When some people are older and better able to think out questions of ethics and policy, they will discover that crime is as much the effect of blunted intelligence as of moral depravity. (I am sometimes tempted to use strong language to Solomon. But remembering that there is almost as much virtue in resisting a temptation to be violent as in keeping hands off another man's possessions, I refrain. Besides, is not moral suasion more potent in the end than any number of knock-down blows?) With perfect intelligence, I pursued, crime would be impossible, since it would be recognised in its true character of disastrous folly. If only from selfish motives the world will

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perhaps one day perceive this. It is in that hope that some of us consent to pay education rates, for we realise that the well-beaten paths which lead to jail cannot truthfully be called paths of glory, nor an able-bodied man picking oakum in the service of the State be reckoned a national asset. Let it not be forgotten that high intelligence is the true foundation of good citizenship.

Abolishing Judges

Solomon here observed, still in the gibing mood, that he could very well understand the objections of a large number of people to reformers. He supposed there is scarcely an evil or an abuse in existence that does not support its little army of pensioners and paid officials. Think, he said, what a number of fine incomes would be swept away if the whole world were to turn honest and well-behaved; and what a grateful fall there would be in Civil Service estimates when judges and other permanent officials who live and prosper by the misdeeds of mankind swelled the ranks of the unemployed.

Lay not that flattering unction too closely to your soul, I remarked. It will be some time yet before you get judges and prison governors off the Civil Service lists. And because they are so strongly supported by a self-sacrificing public the reformer has in general an existence more exciting than agreeable. Neither Luther nor Knox found life a gleeful dance. Nor would any one who endeavoured to mend or end the follies and foibles of mankind fare much better to-day. I do not mean to say or to imply that the race is radically bad, not at all; only men and women, particularly fashionable men and women, are in such a mortal dread they should for a moment forget themselves and do something quite simple and natural, that the reformer is promptly turned out into the wilderness. Besides, their education is much too costly to be discarded, even at the bidding of a Socrates.

The Curate and Brazen Prosperity

"Unquestionably," said the Curate thoughtfully, "we are ruled too much by usage; are too much the slaves of formality. Our elegance is often as mechanical as if it were the result of the cabinet-maker's art, as in truth it often is. Our brazen prosperity has no place for the

idyllic, no feeling for charm such as inspired the blithe spirits of the Renaissance and lifted them intellectually and spiritually above themselves."

"The fact is we are no longer content to be honestly ourselves," put in the Colonel, "but must be for ever striving to be somebody else, something different. Not many of us, I fear, would insist, like Cromwell, on having all the warts shown in our portraits. Indeed, I understand that the photographer prospers to-day in exact proportion to his skill in the subtle art of flattery. Whatever defects nature has imposed in the matter of looks must be carefully concealed—a fact which doubtless accounts for the frequent discrepancy between the photograph and the original. Might not a cynic say that the window of a fashionable photographer is a graphic and scathing exposure of vanity?"

"Without any fear of telling untruths," quoth Solomon loftily, from which I judged he has never had the felicity of gazing at his idealised self in a shop window.

A Rebel

A sturdy philosopher, of whom I lately read, revolting against the tyranny of custom, resolved to do nothing by rule. So soon as he found himself forming a habit he immediately changed his ways. He declined to keep hours and seasons, scoffed at method, ordered his life in flat defiance of the commonplace. Samuel Smiles would have been in despair over him, and of course no sane business man would think of engaging his services.

"I should think not," said Solomon emphatically. "Pray how did this interesting person fare in his campaign against things in general?"

Alas! I replied, he died young; but he lived long enough to set a beautiful example of unselfishness, freshness and originality. Please do not regard him as a rebel; he was too much philosopher for that. He merely broke through custom when it fettered his freedom of mind and legitimate action. I lay emphasis on the word "legitimate" because in some directions the greatest freedom of mind and conscience implies the hardest restrictions. It is the office of a well-trained intelligence to decide when there shall be conformity to usage and when there shall not. The man of whom I speak showed at once the force and the charm of character—the

The Critic on the Hearth

thing we moderns most conspicuously lack. Pray do not misunderstand me. In saying that we are essentially without character I do not mean that we are without respectability. We are in truth eminently—nay pre-eminently—respectable. In Carlyle's term we have a vast deal of giganimity. Indeed we are all giganimity, that is our bane.

A Definition of Respectability

In reply to Solomon I gave the official definition of giganimity, which comes to us from a court of law. The following colloquy between counsel and witness explains the whole matter:—Q. What sort of person was Mr. So-and-So? A. He was always a respectable person.—Q. What do you mean by respectable? A. He kept a gig. Could the great social doctrine be better stated? A gig is the emblem of respectability. Outward forms change. Since this enlightened witness laid down the law the motor (worse luck) has ousted the gig.—But the symbol remains unchanged. The man who keeps a gig (or motor) is still the man of credentials. There are those who fondly believe that the sun shines more respectfully on a glossy silk hat (of the latest style) than on a battered bowler or a rusty beaver; and certainly the tailor-made creature of Bond Street is (in his own eyes) of vastly more consequence than the dusty brother who picks up unconsidered trifles of raiment in Petticoat Lane. As for a lady in the glory of Court dress, would her super-eminent respectability deign to condescend upon the Paris fashion plates of the suburban sempstress?

The Lord Chamberlain's Etiquette

"You know," said the young lady classic, gently enlightening my masculine ignorance, "there are very rigid rules about these things. A lady is not allowed to please herself in the form nor always in the material of her dress. That is for the Lord Chamberlain. Etiquette, too, prescribes the feathers and the jewellery."

Makes them imperative, I returned. Personally I am always amused when, in the course of my newspaper reading, I come upon descriptions of society assemblies. The very print seems to dazzle me; and I can very well understand the thrilling joy with which the dressmakers concerned read the glowing accounts of their

own handiwork. On such occasions I feel immensely proud of my country. I know that here, at any rate, is high and serious art; for surely no art in the world is more seriously taken than the art of personal adornment—regardless of cost. I suggest that a lady novelist should give us a romance of dress—pure and simple. In such a romance the people would not matter at all. Dress and ornament would be everything, as in fact they are now, in the fearful and wonderful chronicles of the society reporter.

"And in what educational establishment would you have your novelist trained?" the young lady classic asked with an amused smile.

Why, in a Court dressmaker's, of course, I answered. You would not have her trouble herself about grammar and literary style, would you? All the style would be in the dresses. Besides, the device of calling a gown "a dream," "a poem," "a picture," is antiquated. That method belongs to the Victorian period, and we are now in the twentieth century. When I read that at such and such a function Lady Fall-de-Lall made "a perfect picture" in such and such a gown, with such and such ornaments, I know that the writer is elderly, and given to what

A Hint to Journalists

Stevenson called the weariful practice of word-painting, one who loses herself in a maze of meaningless phrases. My novelist would keep strictly to business—no "dreams," "poems," or "pictures," no crackling of old and sapless epithets, no delirious dance of time-worn, overworked adjectives. She would simply give the cost of the gown under review, stating by whom it was built (I believe that is the word). The jewellery could be similarly treated, from seller's invoice, if necessary. Everything, so to speak, would be marked in plain figures, so that the readers could make the necessary comparisons for themselves, and thus distinguish between the genuinely rich and the mere pretender. I claim it would be a service rendered in the cause of much-needed reform. Consider a moment the present ruinous, heart-breaking system of social rivalry, that pervades all ranks and grades. Mrs. Robinson's one ambition in life is to rival Mrs. Jones (who has been presented, bless you!), and to that ideal she devotes the

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energies which ought to be given to her family. Mrs. Smith in turn strives desperately to vie with Mrs. R., and Mrs. Brown simply will not be outdone or outshone by Mrs. S. So the fierce emulation goes on until we find the obscure scullery drudge going bravely forth on Sundays and holidays in a blatant imitation of her mistress's frock and headgear. We laugh at her,—cruelly and unjustly. For is she not practising the sincerest form of flattery in faithfully following the example of her betters?

An Easy Way of Making Misery

All this causes an immense amount of real misery. For the trick of making £500 appear as £1000, of making £1000 do the office of £2000, and £5000 of £10,000 is not to be performed without the most grievous heart-burnings. And why in the name of reason should the foolish and stupid attempt be made? Is it a social crime to have but £500 a year while your neighbour across the way may have a snug £1000? May not a man be as good a citizen, as useful, as happy in the Old Kent Road as in Park Lane? Of course you answer "Yes," but in practice there comes into play the fascination, the fatal fascination of the gig.

"I wish I could start somewhere in a gig to-morrow morning," said Solomon, scratching his head. "Could some of you people who know everything not tell me where to go for a holiday?"

He had smuggled in several guide-books and a large quantity of the miscellaneous literature which is distributed gratis by the various tourist agencies. From a corner he now produced an armful. "I have been reading this stuff," he said ruefully, "and the more I read the less I am able to decide."

A Droll Judge

Then you will sympathise with a certain Irish judge, I said. At the close of the speech for the prosecution this delightful representative of Hibernianism was proceeding briskly to sentence the prisoner. On the intervention of counsel for the defence he consented, however, to hear the other side. When both sides had been presented, the judge looked perplexed and cross. "Now, there's the effect of yielding," he cried. "When counsel for the prosecution sat down I knew the prisoner at the bar was guilty. Now I don't know

whether he's guilty or not." Is it necessary, I asked, looking at Solomon, that you should really go anywhere?

"Go anywhere," he repeated, in amazement. "Why, it is the proper thing to do. Everybody goes somewhere."

There you are, I returned, the thrall of custom like the rest, doing what everybody else does for the simple reason that everybody else does it. Holidays are among the devices for killing *ennui* invented by the idle rich. Once the thing was tried, shrewd people saw fortunes in the idea, and forthwith began to give encouragement.

Now there is a vast combination of forces compelling us all to step into line. Railways, steamship companies, tourist agents, hotel and boarding-house keepers and what not, are all in league to extract the annual quota from our pockets, by luring us away from home. And they succeed, for the unwritten laws of fashion are not to be defied, except at a cost which only very courageous people will incur. Our fathers, it is salutary to recall, took very few holidays, yet by all accounts they were at least as fit as we are. You tell me they were not subjected to the tremendous nervous strain which our modern life imposes.

A Good Joke from 'Punch'

They carried on the work of the nation—rather successfully on the whole, and we do no more. Certainly they spared themselves where we do not. When I see paterfamilias, and especially materfamilias, enduring the ordeal of the annual scramble at railway station and seaside lodging I am filled with pity for their suffering and of admiring wonder over the cheery optimism which, in spite of overwhelming proofs to the contrary, convinces them they are in very truth most heartily enjoying themselves. In general people attempt too much. Without the least training, a man who for eleven months out of the twelve has been cooped up in the city, will in the twelfth get into holiday attire and start gaily to climb mountains in Switzerland or Scotland. The result was graphically depicted by *Punch* some years ago. A journalist, who had taken his holiday quietly in London, meets a friend just returned from the joys of mountaineering. "And how do you feel?" asks the stay-at-home, after hearing of the marvellous feats crowded into one happy fortnight. "Oh! almost as well as when I started," was the prompt reply.

The Black Gin's Revenge

A TRUE STORY

BY WILLIE MONTROSE

AUTHOR OF "JOHN AUSTIN'S WILL," ETC.

"Mary, the aged black gin, so many years a resident at Yarrowick Station, died on Monday last, having survived her old master, the late Walter Warren, Esq., some ten years."—*Norboonda Gazette*.

"WHAT'S the matter, Mary? Picaninny sick?"

The black gin bending in an agony over her babe looked up on hearing the kindly tones of the refined voice in which the questions were asked. A young Englishman stood beside her, and as for a few moments the twain regarded each other in silence, they presented a most striking pair. She, for an Australian aboriginal, was beautiful; her raven hair glossy; her features tolerably regular; her form shapely; but her eyes, large and magnificent, glowed like black diamonds of the richest lustre. Still she was a daughter of the bush, and there was that about her proclaiming she was an uncivilised savage.

He was stalwart and handsome; blue-eyed, fair-complexioned, with light, wavy hair; an English gentleman in every fibre of his being; the highest product of civilisation and its best influences. Instinctively she recognised him as the new owner of Yarrowick, one of the hated race her people had sworn to annoy, and, if the opportunity presented itself, to slay, and yet somehow she felt he was better than many of his people whom she had met.

He was but a new chum—a recent arrival in the Colony, and as yet totally unacquainted with the nature of the people of the soil. The babe was ill, he could see, and all the depths of his sympathetic, chivalrous being were stirred. "Bring the little chappie up to the homestead, Mary. I think I can give you something which will do him good," and the young gentleman smiled kindly upon the child, who opened its fever-filled eyes to gaze up into the face of its would-be benefactor.

Warren was a dabbler in homeopathy, and had already proved the value of those simple remedies since coming into the Queensland bush. "Come along," he continued.

For a moment or two the black woman hesitated, scrutinising his countenance keenly. Should she go with him? Much had she heard of the evil deeds done by the white men to her sisters; but she felt in her heart she could trust this man. Untutored daughter of Nature, instinctively she read his character, and knew she could safely confide in his honour. Claspings the sick child to her breast she arose, and followed him.

A week had passed, and Mary with her picaninny, now perfectly restored to health, was taking farewell of the kindly squatter.

"I am glad he is all right, Mary. Have you far to go?" said the latter, handing her a dilly bag filled with tucker. "Is it far?"

"Away longa Boolgoola Mountain, boss. My people are way longa there. Thankee, boss," she replied as he gave the babe a lolly from his pocket. "The picaninny like that, boss; and so do Mary," she added artlessly.

"Right you are then," he said with a hearty laugh, filling her outstretched palm with the sweetmeats.

"So long," and with graceful strides the woman passed down the garden-path, the squatter watching her from the verandah. Her gown was tattered, and she wore nothing to protect her head from the rays of the hot sun, while her bare feet carelessly pressed the stones and pebbles over which she walked, but her gait was that of an empress, for her heart was light. The picaninny was cured, healed by the white man's skill, and she hastened to tell her people of the marvel.

* * * * *

"It's Neccibelle. It's Neccibelle," screamed the women of the tribe, as the gin came up the gully. "The picaninny is no dead," they told one another, filled with wonder at the fact, for Neccibelle, or Mary, as the squatter, Englishman-like, had termed her, had been left behind with her dying child to do the best she could, as is too often the custom with these savage people.

Great indeed was their astonishment,

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when, seated round the camp-fire, Neccibelle told the story of the child's cure. It was wonderful, and they could hardly believe it. A white man had done the deed. It surpassed their understanding. White women they knew were usually kind of heart, but a white man—and they shook their heads doubtfully, whereat with angry vehemence Neccibelle asserted the truth of her statement.

Her husband listened to the story in silence, but his face wore an ominous scowl, and when at length the rest had retired to their wurries for the night, he questioned her closely regarding the squatter's actions during her stay at the station.

A month later Neccibelle was smoking a short clay pipe picked up at Yarrowick, when, leaping a log hard by, her husband appeared shouting passionately, "The white men shall die." Presently the cry was re-echoed by the whole tribe, as amid the greatest excitement they told one another how the white men had that day made an onslaught upon some of the tribe, killing several of their number. Poor things, in their ignorance they did not understand the slaughter was the punishment meted out for certain outrages upon person and place, of which the tribe had been guilty. All they knew was that the white men had come in a body, attacking and slaying the unsuspecting blacks.

Neccibelle listened to the story of the onslaught, her heart swelling within her, her eyes flashing, so great was her indignation. "The white men shall die," she shrieked in unison with the rest, shaking her fists threateningly.

"You will slay them?" demanded her husband exultingly.

"Yes, yes, with this hand I will smite them," and she swung aloft a nulla-nulla, her whole frame quivering.

Then was her husband glad, and he sought by every means in his power to stimulate her revengeful feelings. He hated bitterly the men who were stealing their country from them, and it pleased him greatly that his wife should hate the foe too.

For weeks the woman went about her savage tasks, her spirit brooding upon the wrongs of her people, but soon a more anxious matter engaged her whole attention. The little Boolboonda fell sick again, and they were far, far from Yarrowick, with its skilful master. Lovingly she tended the

child, for the aborigine loves her young with all the untrained affection of the brute beast. Day by day the little one grew worse, and she resolved to take the long, long journey over the high, high mountains, and down the deep, deep gullies, to the white man's humpy, that he might recover the child of its malady. Her heart throbbed with a mother's self-forgetting love, notwithstanding she was but a savage woman of the bush. "I go seek the wonderful water the white man gave Boolboonda," she said to her husband and people, as, clasping the hot, fever-consumed body in her arms, she started on her quest. The burden was heavy, but the mother's love felt it not.

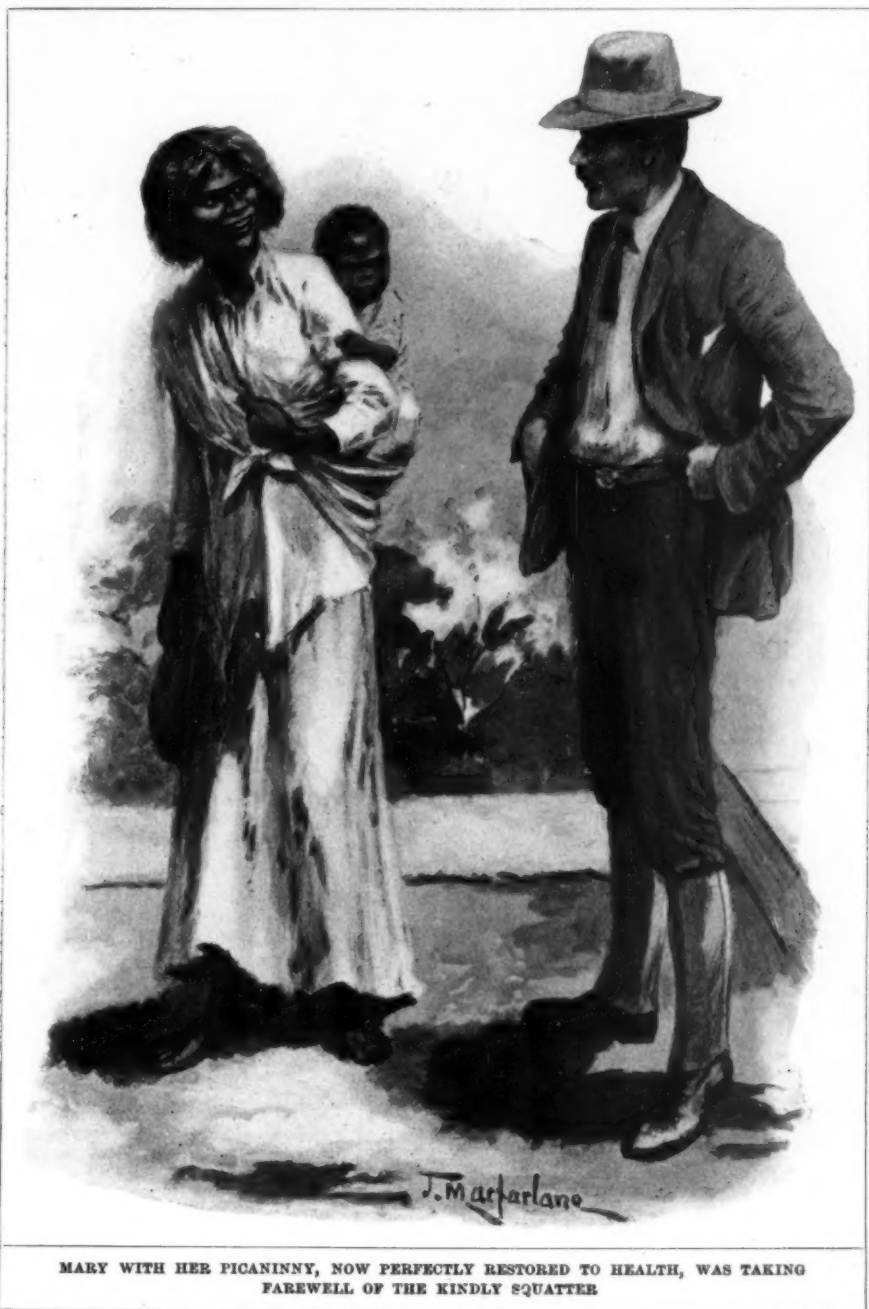
The way was long indeed, longer than she had thought, but she pressed on eagerly, her every pulse beating tumultuously, for she knew the child was growing hourly worse. A week passed ere she saw the white homestead she sought, gleaming far away on the horizon, and her soul gave a great inaudible cry, for the little one was dying, dying in sight of what she believed would save it. She gave a wild, despairing glance around upon the sun-lit bush, vainly seeking help in her hour of anguished need. The leaves of the trees quivered like living gold; the bright beams flashing upon their burnished surfaces. All was so tranquil, so bright and fair, but her poor heart was tempest-tossed and dark. The blue, cloudless sky smiled above her head, but it whispered no word of comfort to her benighted soul. The trees smiled in their brightness, but to her they spoke not of a great World-Father Who loves even the least of His creatures.

Dashing down the gully-side, all the fatigue of her journey forgotten, she ran at her fullest speed, leaping the fallen logs, and wrenching her way through the creeper-hung thicket, which sought in vain to detain her. On, on she ran, hardly drawing breath in her eagerness to win the goal. Oh, how wide the gully was! Would she ever cross it and gain the heights above, beyond which was the home of mercy she sought? Glancing now and again at the almost inanimate burden in her arms, she sped onwards, her instinct telling her the sands of life were well-nigh spent. Could she gain the haven ere the last grains fell? and her soul gave a great, great bound. No God had she upon Whom to call; no hope, save the skill of the white man.

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Presently her steps faltered, and she stopped, a world of agony surging through her being; her face fixed, rigid with despair,

upon the heights above, the top of which she had almost reached. Then with a sad, bitter wail, which rang through the gully



MARY WITH HER PICANINNY, NOW PERFECTLY RESTORED TO HEALTH, WAS TAKING
FAREWELL OF THE KINDLY SQUATTER

The Black Gin's Revenge

like the cry of a lost soul, she sank to the ground. The picaninny was dead. She felt it slowly stiffening in her arms. It was too late. All the skill in the world was unavailing now, and she knew it to the bitter anguish of her soul.

"Why, Mary, is it you? What is the matter?" and Walter Warren rode slowly along the hillside towards the agonised woman.

She glanced at him angrily. Why had he not come a few moments before?—and rising to her feet she could have slain him upon the spot. The squatter had dismounted, and stood, the bridle over his arm, silently regarding the dead form she held. "The little picaninny is better off, Mary. He has gone home," he said softly and sympathetically. To her he spoke in an unknown tongue, and she understood it not. "Home" was a word which had no meaning for her, but the tone of voice and expression of his face touched her heart. Sinking on the ground once more, she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

* * * * *

The little one was buried: buried in the white man's burying-ground: buried with all the rites of the burial of a white man's child, and the black woman's soul was moved within her. Though she could not express it in words, though she could not name the emotion which filled her heart, she was grateful for all the kindness the station people had shown her, and for the kindly offices they had done her child.

Back she went over the high mountains, and down the deep gullies, now doubly as high and deep as they were before, for she was alone. Her arms were eased of the burden she then bore, but her heart was crushed beneath the weight of anguish which knew no relieving hope, pressing upon it. Back she came again to her people, and quietly told them the little Boolboonda "had gone down black fellow, and would come up white fellow," the native's description of death. Each nightfall the tribe gathered, as is their custom, to wail and lament, seeking thereby to prevent the tender spirit from returning to its old haunts.

* * * * *

Twelve months had passed away, and Mary still sorrowed for her little one. The blacks had not yet carried out their schemes of revenge upon the white men, though they still meditated thereon. One lovely evening the black gin lay in the shadow of

her wurrle thinking of her dead child, when presently her attention was aroused, and she listened. Her husband and some of the tribesmen were talking of an intended attack upon the white men, and that which arrested her attention was the name of Walter Warren. As she listened, her comely black face, with its sad, hopeless expression, became rigid, and she glanced helplessly around. Had she heard aright? Were they going to set fire to the Yarrowick homestead the next night, and spear the inmates as they sought to escape? They were camped on the Yarrowick run at the time. Yes, it was true. They were going to wreak their vengeance upon the squatter and his people.

"Where are you going, Neccibelle?" asked her husband, as half-an-hour later she arose from the ground.

"I am going away longa—," and she waved her hand towards the little hillside cemetery.

The black fellow with a shrug, half of pity, half of contempt, turned away. He could not understand such sentiment, but Mary sought to be alone to think. Her poor, savage, untrained nature knew not what she wanted. Standing beside the little mound, beneath which rested the body of the picaninny, a wild tumult raged within her breast; a conflict between duty and affection, though, poor darkened one, she could not so have explained it. All she knew was that she wanted to save the white man who had been so good to her child and herself; and she still did not want to deprive her people of their just revenge, as she considered it.

"I said I would kill the white man too," she murmured, breaking the silence which reigned in the station burying-ground. The gentle zephyrs fanning her cheek seemed as if wishful to hush her impassioned words. "Yes, the white men I will slay, but not these—not these," and hurrying from the graveyard, she hastened towards the homestead, casting, ever and anon, stealthy, anxious glances from side to side.

As it happened, she met Walter Warren but a short distance from the cemetery, and he came to meet her, for he sympathised with her hopeless grief. Hurriedly she recounted the danger he was in, but he could hardly believe it. "I have never done them any harm. Why then should they seek to molest me?" he asked gravely.

She could not explain it. All she could

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say was, "You are a white fellow, boss," and at length succeeded in impressing him with the importance of her tidings.

As he turned away he said, "What will happen to you, Mary, should your people learn you have warned me?"

"Death," was the simple reply, and she stood as if carved in stone. A few minutes later, the squatter having departed, her husband appeared. She had not moved from the spot where Walter Warren left her, and the first intimation she had of his approach, was a spear quivering in the ground at her feet. At once she read its deadly import. Outwardly calm, she waited for him to speak. Inwardly, she raged with fear. Her action was known; the worst had come. Would he kill her? Still she waited.

"I was among the bushes, and heard you tell him," he said, poisoning his boomerang threateningly. "You shall die. No, I will not do it," he added, pausing.

Without a word she passed into the bush, and towards the mountains, alone, an outcast from her people, driven forth as a traitor, a foe worse in their eyes than the hated white man. Henceforth she dared not return to them. Though she had never heard the old, old story of the first man-slayer, the burden of his cry was hers. "They will slay me when they see me. Every man's hand is against me;" and there was no Merciful Voice of

promised protection vouchsafed her. Alone, abandoned, shrinking from her own shadow,



quivering with fear at the gentle stirring of the leaves in the slightest breeze, she

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crouched among the scattered boulders, a poor heathen, for whose soul no man cared; driven forth because she sought to save the lives of others; hated because of her Christ-like, noble deed. Were her kinsmen to come upon her, it would be with the nulla-nulla of the bitter foe; the spear of the implacable enemy; the boomerang of the vindictive avenger. Thus she went forth friendless, living upon whatever she could find; until, reaching a part of the run where no food was, she lay down alone, to die.

The squatter prepared for the attack, gathering the white men from all parts of the district to assist him, and ere the natives could hurl their fire-sticks, they dispersed the savage host, chasing them far into the bush. Often he wondered what had become of the black gin, sincerely hoping her action was not known, for he had been careful not to speak of the warning.

It was a month since the attempted attack, and the young fellow was crossing

a distant and seldom-visited portion of the run. The natives, he learned, had gone south. Suddenly his horse shied at something lying on the ground, and Walter Warren dismounted to learn what it was. To his horror it was, as he at first thought, the dead body of the black woman. No, she was not dead, and tenderly he carried her, the woman who had saved his life, and the lives of his people, to the homestead, where for years she remained an esteemed and respected inmate. Not once did she dare go forth from the house, for she knew her kinsmen would readily slay her should they have the chance. While Walter Warren lived he looked after her comfort, and when he died left ample provision for her welfare.

Such is the meaning of the paragraph in the *Norboonda Gazette* the other morning; and yet there are some who dare affirm the Australian aborigine possesses no trace of the nobler instincts of the soul; that he or she is incapable of any sentiments of gratitude.

JOHN WESLEY, EVANGELIST

BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN

CHAPTER IX

ON HIS FATHER'S TOMBSTONE, AND AFTER

RETURNING to Epworth in June 1742, after an absence of some years, Wesley was discovered by two or three poor women, one of them an old servant of his father's. He inquired if they knew any in Epworth who were in earnest to be saved? "I am, by the grace of God," said one of them, "and I know I am saved through faith; and many here can say the same thing." The next day being Sunday, his companion, John Taylor, after the service, stood in the churchyard and gave notice, "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock." At which time Wesley stood on his father's tombstone, and preached to such a congregation as he believed Epworth never saw before. Being earnestly pressed by many, not only of Epworth but of several adjoining villages, and finding the *still* brethren

had been here also, he remained for some days, preaching and speaking severally with those in every place who had found or waited for salvation, each evening taking his stand on his father's tomb.

A whole wagon-load of these new heretics were brought by their angry neighbours before a justice of the peace, Mr. George Stovin, of Crowle, a town near by, who inquired what they had done, at which there was a deep silence. At length one said: "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they pray from morning to night." "But have they done nothing besides?" "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship, they have *converted* my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the justice, "and let them convert all the scolds of the town."

At Epworth striking effects accompanied the preaching. One evening on every side,

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as with one accord, the people lifted up their voice and wept; the following evening several dropped down as dead, and amongst the rest was such a cry as almost drowned the voice of the preacher. But their mourning was turned into joy and their cries into songs of praise.

A gentleman was present at one service who pretended not to be of any religion at all, and who had not attended worship of any kind for thirty years. Wesley, observing him to be standing motionless as a statue, said, "Sir, are you a sinner?" He replied in a deep and broken voice, "Sinner enough," and continued staring upwards till his wife and a servant or two, who were all in tears, put him into his chaise and carried him home. Calling upon him some years after, Wesley was agreeably surprised to find him strong in faith, though weak in body, and able to bear testimony that for a long time he had been rejoicing in God without either doubt or fear, and was now waiting for the welcome hour when he should depart and be with Christ. (*Journal*, April 17, 1752.)

On Sunday Wesley preached at Haxey at seven, morning and afternoon at Wroot, where the church which had been offered to him could not contain the people; at six in Epworth churchyard "to a vast multitude," when, he says, "I continued with them for near three hours; and yet we scarce knew how to part"—and this was the fourth service in the day! He makes the following reflection:—"O let none think his labour of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear. Near forty years did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of all his labour. I took some pains among this people too, and my strength seemed to be spent in vain. But now the fruit appeared. There were scarce any in the town on whom either my father or I had taken pains formerly, but the seed sown so long since now sprang up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins."

On the following day he set out for Sheffield to seek one David Taylor,¹ "whom

God had made an instrument of good to many souls." Not finding him, he was minded to go forward, but the people constrained him to stay and preach both morning and evening. Taylor arriving, Wesley learned from him, and recorded for his own future guidance, that he (Taylor) had occasionally exhorted multitudes of people in various parts; but after that he had taken no thought about them, so that the greater part were fallen asleep again; a confirming testimony to the prudence of that defensive care which Wesley was striving to exert over his converts.

Passing on from Sheffield, he preached at Barley Hall, subsequently the scene of many hallowed services, where many were melted down and filled with love to their Saviour. The next morning he began preaching about five, but was compelled to break off in the middle of his discourse; for, he says, "their hearts were so filled with a sense of the love of God, and our mouths with prayer and thanksgiving." After a time he resumed his sermon.

Leaving Sheffield, he passed on to Ripley, Donnington Park, Ogbrook, Melbourne, Markfield, Coventry, and Evesham, preaching wherever he came, and gathering together the little Society in every place where one had been established: which at least meant almost every town through which he had previously passed. In each Society he corrected such errors or evils as had troubled them. He passed on to Stroud, preaching in the market-place at noon, where "there would probably have been more disturbance, but that a drunken man began too soon, and was so senselessly impertinent that even his comrades were quite ashamed of him." In the evening he preached on Minchin-Hampton Common, where were "many of Mr. Whitefield's Society."

On the following day, Sunday, June 27, he preached at Painswick at seven; at ten attended the church; in the afternoon at Renwick, at the close of the afternoon service, he addressed "a vast multitude of people"; and concluded the day by another service on Minchin-Hampton Common. The next day he rode to Bristol, where he found disputing had done much mischief. As he was coming out of Newgate one poured out such a flood of cursing and bitterness as he "scarce thought was to be found out of hell." Thus the spirit of evil, whose territory was being assailed, found

¹ Taylor was a protégé of the Countess of Huntingdon, and a convert of the Methodists. Having received a tolerable education, and being much concerned for the spiritual welfare of his neighbours, he began to speak to them of their lost state, and his word was with power. Encouraged by the Countess, he spoke in the villages near Leicester, and afterwards in various parts of Cheshire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire. He was one of several who prepared the way for Wesley.

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expression through its agents. He was occupied for fully four days in composing the little differences which had arisen amongst his Bristol people.

Riding to Cardiff, he found much peace and love in the little Society there. On the following day (July 7) he returned, preaching to a small attentive congregation near Hanbury, and before eight reaching Bristol, where he had "a comfortable meeting with many who knew in whom they believed." "Now, at length," he says, "I spent a week in peace, all disputes being laid aside." He returned to London on the 20th of July.

Thus ended Wesley's first extended Evangelistic tour, in which it may be noticed that he always awaits the indications of circumstances—he would perhaps more correctly have said the indications of Providence—before proceeding to preach and establish Societies in fresh places. It will also be observed that little sporadic Societies sprang up in different parts of the country from various causes without his direct intervention. It may further be noticed that he begins to travel in company if possible, and it soon became the practice for one or other of his helpers to join him in his excursions.

Various circumstances prepared the way for Wesley's visits. In Wales, for example, Howel Harris, a preacher of great power, of whom it was said, "He tears all before him like a large harrow," had laboured since 1735, and had organised thirty Societies called "Private Experience Societies" before either Whitefield or Wesley visited the Principality.

On his return to London, Wesley found his mother "on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt or fear, nor any desire but (as soon as God should call) to depart and be with Christ." Three days afterwards she passed away. He thus describes the scene and the burial:—"Friday, July 23, about three in the afternoon I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upwards, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle or sigh or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and

fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'" On the following Sunday, he says: "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother to sleep with her fathers. It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw or expect to see on this side of eternity." Thus closed the chequered earthly life of this saintly woman, who has gained for herself an almost peerless position among the wives and mothers of England.

"August 8, I cried aloud in Ratcliffe Square, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* Only one poor man was exceeding noisy and turbulent. But in a moment God touched his heart. He hung down his head; tears covered his face; and his voice was heard no more. I was constrained this evening to separate from the believers some who did not show their faith by their works. One of these was deeply displeased, spoke many very bitter words, and went abruptly away. In a day or two afterwards he sent a note, demanding the payment of one hundred pounds, which he had lent about a year before to pay the workmen at the Foundry. Two days afterwards he came and said he wanted his money, and could stay no longer." Wesley says, "I told him I would endeavour to borrow it, and desired him to call in the evening. But he said he could not stay so long, and must have it at twelve o'clock. Where to get it I knew not. Between nine and ten one came and offered me the use of a hundred pounds for a year. But two others had been with me before to make the same offer. I accepted the bank-note which one of them brought, and saw that God is over all."

On the way to Bristol he read over "that surprising book, *The Life of Ignatius Loyola*: surely one of the greatest men that ever was engaged in the support of so bad a cause! I wonder any man should judge him to be an enthusiast. No, but he knew the people with whom he had to do. And setting out (like Count Z——) with a full persuasion that he might use guile, to promote the glory of God, or (which he thought the same thing) the interest of his Church, he acted in all things consistently with his principles."

At Oxford he met his brother and

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Mr. Charles Caspar Graves. Mr. Graves, formerly a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, was converted under Charles Wesley's ministry, and became one of the Oxford Methodists, after the Wesleys had left. His friends believing him to be "stark mad," removed him from his college. Almost coerced by them into compliance, he addressed a document to the Fellows of his college renouncing the principles and practices of the Methodists, declaring his sorrow that he had given offence and scandal by attending their meetings, and promising to offend no more. Two years afterwards, under a deep conviction of his error, he wrote again, confessing that he had acted under the influence of a sinful fear of man and in deference to the judgment of those whom he held to be wiser than himself; and he now openly retracted his former assertion, and declared that he knew no principles of the Methodists (so called) which were contrary to the Word of God, nor any practices but what were agreeable both to

Scripture and the laws of the Church. He became a very useful clergyman, and a friend and fellow-labourer of the Wesleys.

Having "regulated" the Society here and at Kingswood, he returned to London, reading on the way "that excellent tract, Mr. Middleton's Essay on Church Government," and "once more the Life of that good and wise (though mistaken) man, Gregory Lopez."

Being pressed to visit a poor murderer in Newgate, he objected that the turnkeys, as well as the keeper, hated the Methodists, and had refused to admit him, even to one who had earnestly begged it, the morning he was to die. However, he went, and to his surprise found all the doors open to him. While he was exhorting the sick malefactor

to call upon God, the rest of the felons flocked round, to whom he spoke "strong words concerning the Friend of Sinners, which they received with as great signs of amazement as if it had been a voice from heaven." When he came into the common hall, one of the prisoners, asking him a question, gave him occasion to speak among them, more and more still running together, while he declared God was not willing any of them should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Going by desire on Sunday, Sept. 12, to preach in an open place commonly called the Great Garden, lying between Whitechapel and Coverlet Fields, he found



THE FASHIONABLE DRESS OF THE FAIR ONES AND THE GALLANTS
IN THE DAYS OF WESLEY

a vast multitude gathered, and called upon them to repent and believe the Gospel. "Many of the beasts of the people," he writes, "laboured to disturb those of better mind. They endeavoured to drive in a herd of cows among them: but the brutes were wiser than their masters. They then threw whole showers of stones, one of which struck me just between the eyes. But I felt no pain at all, and, when I had wiped away the blood, went on testifying with a loud voice, that God hath given to them that believe, not the spirit of fear, but of power and love, and of a sound mind. And by the spirit which now appeared through the whole congregation, I plainly saw what a blessing it is, when it is given us, even in the least degree, to suffer for His name's

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sake." He carried the scar on his forehead to the end of life.

On the day following the incident just related, he set out after the early service, preached at nine at Windsor, and the next evening came to Bristol, where he spent a fortnight in examining the Society, and in speaking severally to each member. The next two months were spent alternately at London and Bristol, where he daily pursued his evangelistic work and watched over his Societies.

On Monday, Nov. 8th, at four he set out from London for a second visit to Newcastle, and, preaching at various towns on the way, he arrived on Saturday, and at once met the "wild, staring, loving" Society. His brother had been labouring here for some weeks, but had just returned to London.

On Sunday he began preaching at five o'clock—"a thing never heard of before in these parts"—when "the victorious sweetness of the grace of God was present with His word." At ten he went to All Saints' Church, where was such a number of communicants as he had scarce seen but in London and Bristol. At four he preached in the Square of the Keelman's Hospital, and met the Society at six. On Monday morning he began at five, expounding the Acts of the Apostles.

Each afternoon he spoke severally with the members of the Society. On Tuesday evenings he expounded the Epistle to the Romans, and after sermon met the Society.

Struck by the different manner in which God is pleased to work in different places, he says: "The grace of God flows here with a wider stream than it did at first either in Bristol or Kingswood. But it does not sink so deep. Few are thoroughly convinced of sin, and scarce any can witness that the Lamb of God has taken away their sins." He adds: "I never saw a work of God in any other place so evenly and gradually carried on. It continually rises, step by step. Not so much seems to be done at any one time as hath frequently been at Bristol and London; but something at every time. It is the same with particular souls. I saw none in that triumph of faith which has been so common in other places. But the believers go on calm and steady. Let God do as seemeth Him good." He began to visit in the surrounding places. On Sunday, 28th, after preaching in the room at five, and in the hospital at eight,

he walked about seven miles to Tanfield Leigh, where a large congregation was gathered from all the country round about, but "so dead, senseless, unaffected a congregation" he had scarce seen. His experience here, as at many other places, led him to determine not to strike one stroke in any place where he could not follow the blow.

In Newcastle he secured a piece of ground on which to build a room for the Society, and removed into a lodging adjoining. But the extreme cold prevented the building from being at once begun. On Monday, Dec. 20th, however, the first stone of the new house was laid. This was afterwards known as the Orphan House, it being used, amongst other purposes, as a school for orphans. The building was computed to cost £700, towards which Wesley had twenty-six shillings in hand. Many were positive it would never be finished, or that he would not live to see it covered. But he was of another mind, nothing doubting that, as it was begun for God's sake, He would provide what was needful for the finishing. Tyerman says: "It was hallowed by associations far too sacred to be easily forgotten. Here one of the first Sunday schools in the kingdom was established, and had not fewer than a thousand children in attendance. Here a Bible Society existed before the British and Foreign Bible Society was formed. Here was one of the best choirs in England; and here, among the singers, were the sons of Mr. Scott, afterwards the celebrated Lords Eldon and Stowell. Here was the resting-place of John Wesley's first itinerants; and here colliers and keelmen, from all parts of the surrounding country, would assemble, and, after the evening service, would throw themselves upon the benches, and sleep the few remaining hours till Wesley preached at five next morning.¹ It became the northern home of Wesley and his helpers, and the centre of northern Methodism for many years."²

While he was preaching on the site in the evening, Wesley had frequently to stop, while the people prayed and gave thanks to God. At Horseley, the house being too small, he preached in the open air, though a furious storm began. "The wind," he says, "drove upon me like a torrent, coming by turns from east, west, north and south.

¹ *Life of Wesley.*

² See *The Orphan House of Wesley.* By Rev. W. W. Stamp. London: 1863.

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The straw and thatch flew round our heads ; so that one would have imagined it could not be long before the house must follow ; but scarce any one stirred, much less went away, until I dismissed them with the peace of God." The next day he preached at Swalwell, when again the wind was high and extremely sharp, but none went away.

The following day, after preaching as usual in the Square, he took horse for Tanfield, being more than once nearly blown off his horse. At three he preached to a multitude of people, and afterwards met the Society in a large upper room, which rocked to and fro with the violence of the storm.

As he took his farewell before the largest company he had seen in Newcastle, they hung upon him, so that he could with difficulty disengage himself ; as it was, "a muckle woman" kept her hold, and ran by the horse's side to the Sandgate. He and his companion, Jonathan Reeves, reached Darlington that night, and Boroughbridge the last day of the year, and spent the first day of the new year at Epworth.

"In this year" (1742), Wesley writes, "many societies were formed in Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, and Nottinghamshire, as well as the southern parts of Yorkshire. And those in London, Bristol, and Kingswood were much increased."¹ Every such Society became a centre of religious light and Christian activity and influence ; and prepared the way for the extension of the evangelist's visits.

He now designed to extend the area of his labours to Cornwall, which his brother and one or two of the lay-preachers had already visited, and where, in the future, he was to reap a most abundant harvest. Leaving Bristol, August 1743, he made no considerable stop until he reached St. Ives, which became for a time the centre of Cornish Methodism, and where was a Society of about 120 persons, who had been gathered together on Dr. Woodward's plan, and with whom the Methodists had had intercourse through a Captain Turner of Bristol, who some time before had put in his vessel there.

Wesley spent three weeks preaching as usual at every available opportunity, here and in other towns. He also paid a visit to St. Mary's, one of the Scilly Isles. His congregations varied from a handful of

people to 10,000 who gathered at Gwennap on his second visit. The disposition of the people was peculiar, some seeming "pleased and unconcerned," on others a little impression was made, the rest showing "huge approbation and absolute unconcern"; in one place he observed "an earnest stupid attention"; while at another he found "much good-will, but no life"; in another the people were "amazed, but he could find not one who had any deep or lasting conviction." But after a time he is able to record that at St. Ives, "the dread of God fell upon us while I was speaking, so that I could hardly utter a word."

At length a change came over the scene, for, while he was preaching at St. Ives, the mob of the town burst into the room, and created much disturbance, roaring and striking those that stood in the way, "as though Legion himself possessed them." Finding the uproar increased, he went into the midst, and brought the ringleader up to the desk, receiving a blow on the side of the head while doing so. "After which," he says, "we reasoned the case, until he grew milder and milder, and at length undertook to quiet his companions." On one Sunday he preached at four different places, and, feeling no weariness at all, concluded the day with the Society at St. Ives, rejoicing and praising God.

After his return to Bristol he made a brief tour into Wales, preaching, praying, and talking hour by hour. Then, fearing his strength would not suffice for preaching more than four times in the day, he abridged his service with the Society in the early morning to half-an-hour, afterwards taking two services at the Castle, one in Wenvo Church, and one in Porthkerry. He employed several days in examining and purging the Bristol Society, which, after several were put away, still consisted of more than 700 persons. He gave the next week to Kingswood, and found but a few things to reprove.

The leaders at Bristol now brought in what had been contributed in their several classes toward the debt incurred in the building of the New Room, which was at once discharged. This was the end in view when the Society was first divided into classes. The contributions in the classes were afterwards given to the poor, and subsequently to the work of God generally.

On his way to the Midlands he preached at Painswick, Gutherston, and Evesham,

¹ Wesley's *Eccl. Hist.*, iv. 180.

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and the next day called on the Rev. Samuel Taylor of Quinton, Gloucestershire, a powerful and impressive preacher, and a successful itinerant evangelist: one of several clergymen—like the Revs. John Hodges of Wenvo, Henry Piers of Bexley, Charles Manning of Hayes, Vincent Peronet of Shoreham, John Meriton of the Isle of Man, Richard Thomas Bateman of

St. Bartholomew's the Great, London, and others—who, being much benefited by the ministry of the Methodists, and thoroughly sympathising with their laudable aims, identified themselves with them, welcomed them to their pulpits, and attended their Conferences. Passing through Birmingham, October 20, 1743, he came to Wednesday, where he met with such treatment



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as seems almost incredible, and where he appeared likely to end his days. His brother followed him in two or three days, and gives the following graphic account:—

"I was much encouraged by the faith and patience of our brethren from Wednesbury; who gave me some particulars of the late persecution. My brother, they had told me, had been dragged about for three hours by the mob of three towns. Those of Wednesbury and Darlaston were disarmed by a few words he spoke, and thenceforward laboured to screen him from their old allies from Walsall; till they were overpowered themselves and most of them knocked down. Three of the brethren and one young woman kept near him all the time, striving to intercept the blows. Sometimes he was almost borne upon their shoulders through the violence of the multitude, who struck at him continually that he might fall. And if he had once been down he would have rose no more. Many times he escaped through his lowness of stature; and his enemies were struck down by them. His feet never once slipped; for in their hands the angels bore him up. The ruffians ran about asking, 'Which is the Minister?' and lost and found and lost him again. That Hand which struck the men of Sodom and the Syrians blind withheld or turned them aside. Some cried, 'Drown him! Throw him into a pit!' Some, 'Hang him up upon the next tree.' Others, 'Away with him! away with him!' and some did him the infinite honour to cry, in express terms, 'Crucify him!' One and all said, 'Kill him!' But they were not agreed what death to put him to. In Walsall several said, 'Carry him out of the town: don't kill him here, don't bring his blood upon us!'

"To some who cried, 'Strip him, tear off his clothes!' he mildly answered, 'That you need not do: I will give you my clothes if you want them.' In the intervals of tumult, he spoke, the brethren assured me, with as much composure and correctness as he used to do in their Societies. The Spirit of Glory rested upon him. As many as he spoke to, or but laid his hands on, he turned into friends. He did not wonder (as he himself told me) that the martyrs should feel no pain in the flames; for none of their blows hurt him, although one was so violent as to make his nose and mouth gush out with blood.

"Two justices remanded him to the mob. The Mayor of Walsall refused him protection when entering his house, for fear the mob should pull it down. Just as he was within another door, one fastened his hand in his hair, and drew him almost to the ground. A brother, at the peril of his life, fell on the man's hand, and bit it, which forced him to loose his hold.

"The instrument of his deliverance at last was the ringleader of the mob, the greatest profligate in the country. He carried him through the river upon his shoulders. A sister they threw into it. Another's arm they broke. No further hurt was done our people; but many of our enemies were sadly wounded. The Minister of Darlaston sent my brother word, he would join with him in any

measure to punish the rioters; that the meek behaviour of our people, and their constancy in suffering, convinced him the counsel was of God; and he wished all his parish Methodists."

Wesley himself tells us that a lusty man just behind struck at him several times with a large oaken stick, with which if he had struck him once on the back of his head, it would have saved him all further trouble; but every time the blow was turned aside, he knew not how: that another came rushing through the press, and raising his arm to strike, on a sudden let it drop, and only stroked his head, saying, "What soft hair he has." He says that from the beginning to the end he found the same presence of mind as if he had been sitting in his study; that he took no thought before one moment for another, only once it came into his mind, that if they should throw him into the river it would spoil the papers that were in his pocket. For himself he did not doubt but he could swim across, having but a thin coat and a light pair of boots. "The next morning," he says, "as I rode through the town on my way to Nottingham, every one I met expressed such a cordial affection that I could scarce believe what I saw and heard." He closes his account by inserting the following document, as great a curiosity of its kind, he believed, as was ever seen in England:—

"To all High Constables, Petty Constables, and other of His Majesty's Peace Officers, within the county of Staffordshire, and particularly to the Constable of Tipton:—"

"Whereas we, His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said county of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist preachers, go about raising routs and riots, to the great damage of His Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King;

"These are, in His Majesty's name, to command you, and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist preachers, and to bring him or them before some of us His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to be examined concerning their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals, this 12th day of October, 1743.

"J. LANE,
"W. PERSEHOUSE."

And these were the two justices who refused to give him a hearing!

(To be continued.)

The Battle of Waterloo

FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER

THE following letter was written to Mr. William Boulter, of Stowmarket, by his brother, who, as a trooper in the Scots Greys, took part in the Battle of Waterloo. It will be read with special interest as the narrative of a contemporary eye-witness. We may add that the original letter is in the possession of Miss Jewers, of Drinkstone, who has kindly permitted us to publish it.

Rouen, Sept. 23, 1815.

DEAR BROTHER,

Most likely you have heard of the dreadful and glorious Battle of Waterloo, and perhaps you will like to hear a little of the particulars of our late campaign, which I shall endeavour to give you as correct as I possibly can, viz. We marched from Denderbarton in Flanders on the 16th of June, and marched about forty miles that day, but when we had gone about thirty miles we began to hear the guns rattle pretty quick, which caused us to go a little faster, but when we had got a few miles further we met a great many wounded soldiers, who informed us they had been engaged, but the Frenchmen got pretty tightly handled, and had retired into a wood, so we encamped in an open field that night, and about four o'clock the next morning we began to put ourselves in readiness, and remained in the same position, and about ten o'clock we advanced up to the wood and formed our lines and stayed there some time, I suppose about two hours, when we retreated, but it was only to decoy the enemy from their position and draw them on to more advantageous situation, where we could get fair play at them; however, they came out, and the 7th Hussars attacked them, but the French outnumbering them so very much they lost a good number and were obliged to retreat, but the Life Guards made some very pretty charges on them, but the road being so very muddy, the men were almost smothered with dirt, and as the 7th Hussars were chiefly attacked in a small village near Greenappe, the stones are so very slippery that I really believe they lost more men with the horses falling and being rode over, and at the same time a most dreadful thunderstorm came on with such rapidity that we were completely wet through in the course of a few minutes, and it continued to rain the whole of the night, that I can assure you we were in a most deplorable state by the morning, we had not a dry thread upon us, and the horses were in the same situation, for they could not lie down, and had not been down then from the fifteenth night; we could get plenty of green forage for them, but as for ourselves we had not got anything for about forty-eight hours, and could not get any provisions up.

We were then on our position of Waterloo, 960

and can assure you it was a position we did not intend to move from until we had been beat, but thank God that day has not come yet; however, we began to put ourselves in readiness about five o'clock in the morning, the 18th, and remained some time, but about two or three o'clock the out piquets began to fire and continued all morning, and about twelve o'clock we made a most desperate charge on their collums and with good success, but lost a great many men and horses; our Brigade took about 1800 prisoners, and a sergeant of ours took one of Bony's principal Eagles, which no doubt you have heard of before this time. However, with what little force we had we continued to show them the same undaunted courage we had always done, and rallied several times in the course of the afternoon. The Regiment had suffered very much by this time, we had eight officers killed beside our noble General Ponsonby. About two o'clock Bony brought up an immense strong force and thought to turn our right flank, which he succeeded a little, but not to hurt us, and soon after a great confusion took place in his ranks and he never could rally them properly afterwards, but between six and seven o'clock General Blucher came up and rallied them in such a manner they did not expect; he commenced firing on their right flank while ours was playing on their left, and cut them down twenty and thirty at a time, and those that did get away ran as if the Devil had been after them, threw off their nabsacks, and left everything they was possessed of, and can assure you no small number were lying on the ground the next day. But it was a very affecting scene to see so many men lying dead in such a short time, for my part I cannot ascribe it to anything else than a judgment of God, and indeed a great many laid wounded who called for water, but we could not supply them all; some were lying with legs off, some wounded all over the body in such a manner they were not able to move a yard. We buried all of ours that was dead that we could find, and the wounded were taken off and medical assistance was rendered them immediately. I can assure you some of the poor fellows were most terribly cut up, several have died since of their wounds, and almost every one who had a limb amputated has died.

However, I have reason to thank that superintending Providence that has hitherto guarded me from all danger, and hope that matters will take such a turn as will soon restore all people to their homes.

Your affectionate Brother,
SAMUEL BOULTER,

in Capt. Stuart's Troop,
Scotch Greys,
British Army,
Rouen.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE HOUSE-FLY

BY FRANK STEVENS
AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN HIVELAND"
Illustrated by Frank Percy Smith



THE FLY SOMETIMES SEEMS TO IMAGINE THAT ITS MOST COMFORTABLE POSITION IS THE BRIDGE OF YOUR NOSE

spot within the house but the bridge of my nose!"

"Never mind; they will soon be gone."

"But that doesn't make it a bit better now! I only wish they would take it into their heads to migrate—or whatever they do—at once, and leave me in peace."

"But your beloved spiders, in which you take such an absorbing interest—? Our walks would then be over," I gently urge, for I am trying to lure my Philistine friend to a closer acquaintance with the little people who dwell on the "estate"—my garden and my house.

For answer he pulls out a well-seasoned briar and lights it, puffing clouds of smoke in defiance of all flies.

"BOTHER the flies!"

"What is the matter?"

"Matter! A beastly fly is buzzing round me, and settling on my nose every few minutes."

"Well, perhaps it is a little trying, but you should endeavour to rise superior to such a display of irritability."

"All very well! There is the thing again—as if there was no other

"Now we can talk! Where do flies go to after summer?"

"Ask me something else. I cannot tell you. Perhaps they die. Maybe they are eaten by spiders. A few occasionally appear, but Nature has evidently no need for them in the winter, which, as you rightly say, is a subject for devout thankfulness."

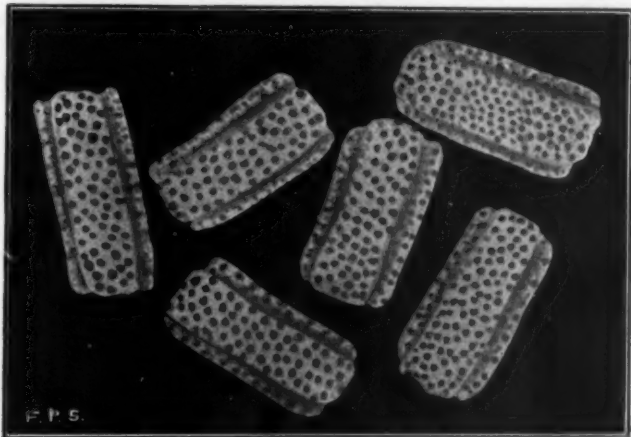
"Then, where do they come from?" asks the Philistine, with an evil gleam in his eye. Surely he is thinking of Epeira's brood, six or seven hundred strong, and laying plans for establishing a spider colony near the nesting-place of the fly family.

"My dear Philistine, your question is a little indiscreet. Would you probe the family history of our house-fly, and learn its ancestry?"

"Why not?"

"Is it wise to look too closely into the antecedents—or ancestry—of any one? You know, there are passages which are better buried in oblivion."

The Philistine's brows are arched in surprise. "That is strange!" he murmurs between the puffs of his pipe. "Here are you, a miserable quill-driver" (he need not have been so candid!) "spending your leisure in pottering about your garden with a pill-



THE EGGS OF THE FLY MAGNIFIED

An Apology for the House-Fly

box and a butterfly-net and trying to induce me to do likewise; yet, when I show a disposition to pursue my researches into the Origin of Flies, you are disposed discreetly to draw a veil over the subject and not gratify my thirst for knowledge. I don't believe you know anything about them."

"Well, since you are determined to seek the origin of flies, I will tell you; but I warn you that it is a most unpicturesque one. The fly is certainly very much at home with us; he invades our dining-rooms, our kitchens, our larder—every part of the

caution in the matter of 'catch-em-alive-oh!' which still retains many a valiant fly in durance vile until he meets a fiery death on the kitchen-range at the hands of the cook. They have discovered that the house is warm and sheltered, that it contains for them comparatively few enemies, that food is plentiful and of good quality; and so they make it their land of Goshen, and are content."

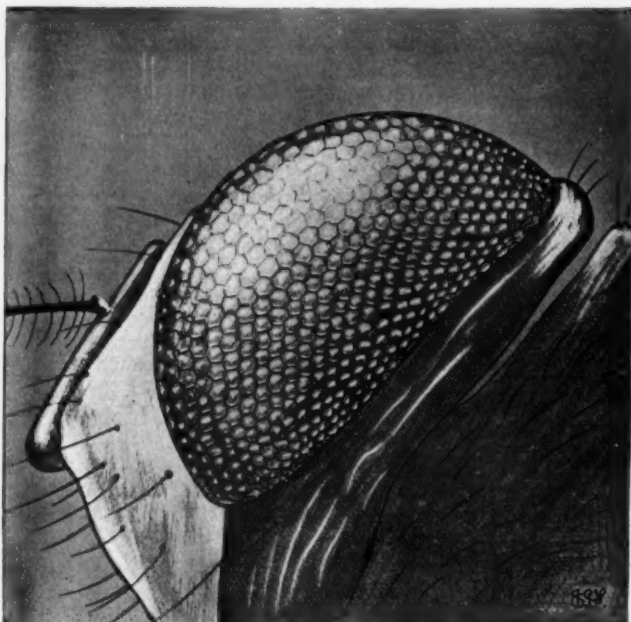
"But where do they come from?" reiterated the Philistine.

"The stable is the nesting-place of Madame Fly. There she lays her eggs, in a certain hot-bed which hatches them without any trouble, and which holds the grub until, first, it becomes a chrysalis, and then a perfect fly; after which it starts upon its life of ease, and usually finds its way into the house.

"Nature fully intended the fly to be a scavenger: the insect world at large is mainly devoted to the removal of all waste matter—Nature's dust-men, as it were, who perpetually toil at the task of keeping the world clean and wholesome. This was well enough in the good old primitive days, when man had not arrived at his present state. Our dim and distant, long-headed, chipped-flint users gnawed their reindeer flesh and cast it aside when they could eat no more; then Madame

Fly came down and deposited her couple of hundred eggs upon the putrid and offensive mass. Two hundred tiny grubs came out, to eat, and eat, and eat, and thus remove all source of contamination.

"Flies come to us from everywhere: from the road, the fields, wherever animal matter is decomposing. Not only that, but they want to begin their scavenging in our very larders. Says Madame Fly—'Here is a rich, red, juicy joint of meat, hanging all alone.' She first of all helps herself to some of its luscious juices, and then would leave her eggs therein, because in



"LOOK AT HIS BROWN HELMET OF EYES—THOUSANDS OF THEM, TURNING IN EVERY DIRECTION. HIS VISION IS UNLIMITED, BACKWARDS, FORWARDS, AT BOTH SIDES. HE CAN SEE EVERYTHING"

house, indeed; and yet he is only a colonist. Look at the buzzing flies that hover about the room; not one of them is indigenous to the house, although we call them 'house-flies' (*Musca domestica*). In their wild state there were no houses to live in; but being up-to-date little people they have adapted themselves to modern methods and ideas, which are very much to their taste.

"Perhaps they are not equal to our improvements. They have not as yet fathomed the mystery of glass, a thing against which they have been running their heads for years; neither have they learned

An Apology for the House-Fly

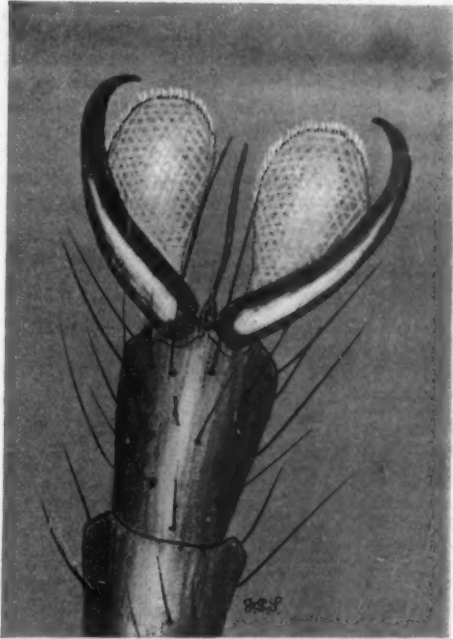
her own misguided mind she fancies that it is a waste product, little dreaming that man has some thought for the morrow. Had it been a fallen bird, or dead rat, we should have been obliged to her, but a prime sirloin of beef is another thing altogether. Of course, she hardly understands this.

"There, I have told you the worst about the fly; let me now plead a few extenuating circumstances, and show you some of his perfections and beauties, for nothing in Nature is altogether bad and worthless.

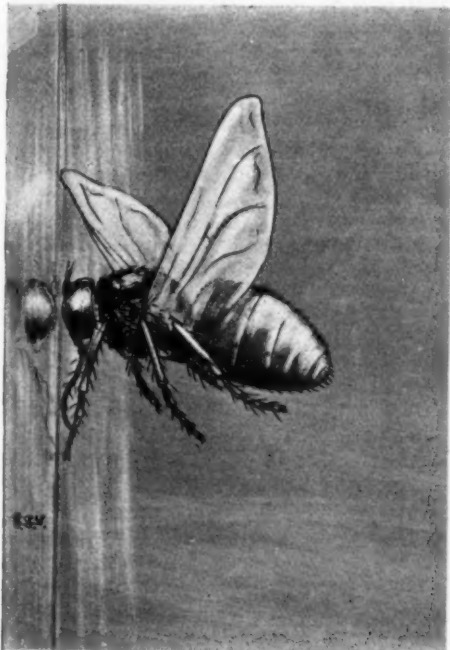
"There goes Charles with his barrow, filled with weeds and grass. He has been making things tidy in the ditch outside, and ruthlessly evicting some of my insect and animal tenants in the process. Sad for them, but it must needs be.

"Charles, bring me a handful of dock leaves from your barrow."

The old fellow smiles at his master's extraordinary request; he cares little for such things, and is happy in his ignorance. His sympathies are with one, only, of the whole insect kingdom—the Bee. He is a utilitarian, and knows two sound facts about them: that bees collect honey, and that



BY MEANS OF THE TINY SUCKER-PADS IN HIS FEET THE FLY CAN HOLD TIGHT TO THE MOST SLIPPERY PLACE



THIS FAT BLUE-BOTTLE HAS BEEN RAMMING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE GLASS FOR TEN MINUTES, TRYING TO FIND A WAY OUT

they bring fruit. As for flies he despises them altogether.

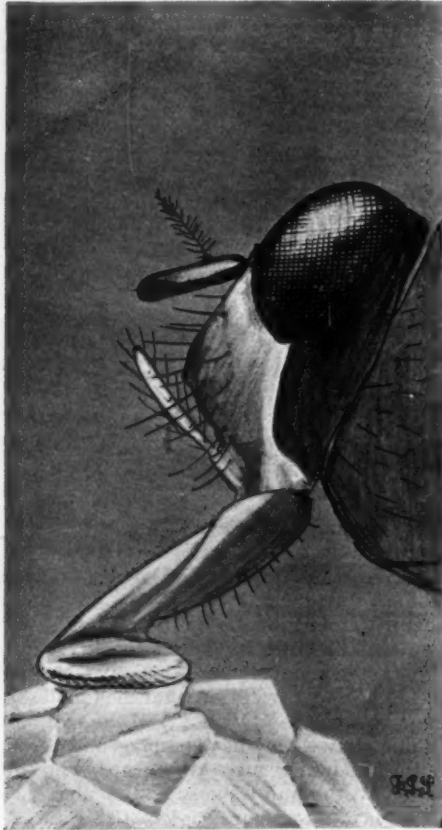
"Thank you, Charles."

"Here is a fine handful of dock leaves. Come to the window and let us examine them. Hold this one up to the light. Do you see the little fly colony inside? It is the first cousin of our house-fly—a vegetarian. The careful mother has laid her eggs between the two skins of the leaf, and in due course they have hatched and turned out a hundred or more tiny grubs, who first fatten on the pulpy juices of the dock, and then turn into their cocoons to sleep. At least, so we think; but it is not a lifeless sleep, for though all looks still and silent from without, the tiny shrouded thing is at work all the while. No change can be greater than that of the fat, unpleasant-looking grub into the beautiful, metallic, joyous fly. This transformation is so common that we accept it as a fact, and are content, but it is none the less wonderful because it is so frequent.

"You have often watched a fly; have seen the six tiny legs run rapidly along, and then fearlessly climb a perpendicular, polished window-pane whose glassy surface gives no

An Apology for the House-Fly

foothold. Yet the fly is in no way daunted; the tiny sucker-pads in his feet cling to the window and hold tight to the most slippery surface. Look for a moment at his claws. Yes; he has claws, too, so that he can hang on to any softer or rougher surface. He is a perfect mountaineer, armed for all emergencies, and should his foot slip, he has no fear—his wings will bear him up.



THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE TINY TRUNK THROUGH WHICH THE FLY PASSES HIS SALIVA UPON A PIECE OF SUGAR, THUS CONVERTING IT INTO SYRUP FOR HIS CONSUMPTION

"Look at his brown helmet of eyes—thousands of them, turning in every direction. Each one has its tiny optic nerve. His vision is unlimited: forwards, backwards, at both sides, he can see everything. That is why you so often miss, when you make a sweep with your hand to catch him. He is on the watch, and quicker than you: a spring, a thousand vibrations of his wings,

and he is out of reach, laughing inwardly, perhaps, at your clumsiness.

"But it is as a 'flier' that he shows to best advantage. We care little where he goes, so that he does not disturb us by alighting upon us when we are in the arm-chair or in the garden, seeking forty winks. He has his wings under perfect control. Now he will dart forwards, then as quickly backwards, rising diagonally and performing a hundred evolutions with absolute certainty, until he blunders upon the window-pane; then, indeed, he is puzzled.

"See the fat blue-bottle over there. For the past ten minutes he has been ramming his head against the glass, going up and down the pane looking for a soft spot through which he can pass into the open, and finding none. Poor fellow! You can hear the thud of his body as he hurls himself at full speed against the glass. No wonder he likes to rest occasionally, for it must be a very painful process.

"I was talking about his speed. What a wonder this is! You stand aghast as the motor-cars occasionally—alas!—pass my gate, puffing and panting and whirling along amid clouds of dust. I hear you complain that they go too fast; you point out the dangers of travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The fly, however, thinks nothing of such a speed, and can steer himself very much better than any certificated chauffeur. He needs no hideous goggles to protect his eyes. All he depends upon are two gauzy rigid wings and his own muscles. He laughs to scorn the mild paces of the pony as we drive, dancing along with us in perfect contentment, keeping up with us, now on ahead, now to the right, then to the left, following us, and finding time to tease the pony as well; and yet, what a pigmy, to develop such speed!

"There is no pride about him either; he is jovial and companionable and full of sublime confidence. At the table of rich or poor he is equally at home; will sip the sweets of a royal breakfast-table with the same heartiness as he would treacle in a tenement. He needs no formal invitation. Perhaps he has breakfasted with the servants in the kitchen, but he turns up smiling, to join us at our more leisurely meal, later on.

"Look at that fellow on the tea-table. He is busy with his trunk upon a lump of sugar. Not much satisfaction to be got out of that, you will say. It does not look

An Apology for the House-Fly

like it, certainly. You can understand him sucking up syrup from jam, or honey; but sugar seems to demand something almost approaching teeth. Wait a moment. We will catch a fly, and imprison him beneath a tumbler with a lump of sugar. No easy matter. At last I have got him. Now pop the glass over, and we will watch what progress he makes.

"He is very busy now; that curious bulbous-ended trunk fastens upon the tiny hard lump. He is evidently enjoying himself: there is a look of satisfaction about him which can only be begotten of a solid meal. But the lump of sugar is certainly decreasing; slowly, perhaps, still there is a decided shrinkage in its bulk."

"How does he manage it?"

"Quite simple, my friend. There is a tube that runs down the tiny brown trunk,

through which he pours his saliva upon the sugar and converts it into syrup, which he, in turn, sucks up into his system. Grain by grain that lump will vanish before his attacks.

"Let us remove his glass prison-house and see if any of his comrades will join him at the feast. I thought so. We will leave the lump of sugar for the flies and see what will remain of it by to-morrow. If I mistake not, we shall find but a very small fragment of their repast.

"Now come out of doors; it is a shame to be within four walls when there is so much to be seen upon my small estate. But I hope you will not think too meanly of the flies in future. They are very conscientious, if, perhaps, a little misguided.

"And then—what would spiders do without them?"

LET us TALK it OVER!

HELPFUL CHATS WITH MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

OUR TOO-INTIMATE FRIENDS

A POOR woman recovering in hospital after a serious operation, was visited, as often as the regulations permitted, by a man who arrived as soon as the ward was open to him, and stayed till the visiting period was at an end. One day the doctor congratulated the patient on the attention she received, saying, "You have a kind friend there."

"It is my husband, sir," the woman answered, adding with a brightening face, "but he is just as kind as if he was a friend."

The people who are as kind as if they were not yoke-fellows are merely they who do not take advantage of their nearness to do several annoying things. Good qualities are quite as good when they belong to those who live with us, as when they belong to people at a distance, but we sometimes forget to indicate them to those who are hungry for a word of praise. Mere proximity arouses in a certain kind of mind the instinctive wish to be unpleasant. In Samuel Butler's last book, *The Way of All Flesh*, a book that is unquestionably biographical in parts, the author tells how Theobald and Christina settled on their wedding day that Theobald should always be obeyed. Christina wept, but Theobald had his way. Was it not on her wedding day that Mrs. Samuel Johnson, who was old enough to have known better, began those little vexatious poutings which at last impelled her husband to ride off and leave her till she came to a more reasonable frame of mind? To some people a bond of union of any kind, commercial, connubial, or of the family, means something to tug at to the vexation of the yoke-fellow.

A century ago the habit of telling annoying

things in a semi-jocular way, and in the presence of the person concerned, was called "quizzing," and was considered a legitimate method of affording general entertainment, the victim being expected to preserve a serene demeanour if he could not quiz in return. Those relatives who are "just as kind as if they were friends" do not indulge in this barbarous habit. I know a lady of good social position who receives the relatives whom she has invited to visit her with such witty sallies as "I declare your nose is redder than ever," or "Last time you were here you broke a bedroom water-jug, I wonder what you will break this time!" Is it not a pity to either offer or accept hospitality on the terms? Where people are sensitive and hold aloof from overtures certain to entail pain, the "quizzers" say they are odd or bad-tempered, unable to give and take. But in their exchange giving pain is the order of the day. You know the tale of the mother who said to one child of another, "Go and see what Emily is doing, and tell her she mustn't." I know more than one woman grown old in an atmosphere of mustn'ts. Does the victim meditate a walk, the family Tartar pounces on her and says, "Stay in the house, there is this to do, or that." Does she find interesting occupation indoors, the torment turns up, denounces what she is doing, and drives her forth. The spirit of disapproval radiates from some people like an atmosphere: are you merry, they make you feel that you are playing the fool; are you sad, they imply that your ingratitude to a too merciful heaven is a sin and scandal. The attitude of rebuke and censure is assumed as one of the prerogatives of kinship, hence the idea in many minds that outside its circle abide the friendly spirits that are kind.

Let us Talk it Over!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Homebird.—(1) Where the family income is £200 per annum, I think the food bills should not exceed £1 per week for three people. (2) In the country young servants can be found for £10 or £12 wages; a servant's food will amount to about 6s. per week in a modest household. In a country place the servant should be willing to do a considerable portion of the washing; in more pretentious establishments the washing is usually sent out, or a special laundrymaid is kept. Most town servants do not learn laundry work owing to the general lack of facilities for the work in town houses.

Pay.—There is no remedy for decay of the teeth other than the attention of a dentist. No mouth-wash will arrest decay once it has set in; the hole must be drilled out and filled, preferably with gold. Have this done at once, as the operation will be more difficult and expensive the longer it is delayed.

M. C. S.—Melanin is a very good marking ink. I know of none better, and it is easy to use.

Agnes.—For stone floors or verandah floors there is no better covering than cocoanut matting, either plain red, or in the bold design and colour of Mung matting. This can be had at most carpet houses, certainly at Treloar's, in Ludgate Hill. For bedrooms the cork carpets that look like felt are excellent. These also make pretty and cleanly carpet-surrounds, where the carpet is made in a bordered square.

Alice and Ellie.—A book full of helpful suggestions for district visitors and parish workers is *The Master's Service*, published by the Religious Tract Society. It contains papers on Clothing Clubs, making clothes for the poor, on establishing Savings Banks, on Bible Classes, Girls' Clubs, Sunday School Work and Sunday School Treats, Mothers' Meetings, etc.

Ideal Woman.—Do you think you are that? Modesty is a beautiful attribute. The only reliable home work is that to be obtained from business houses, all others are precarious. If you can make anything well, show specimens to the heads of firms that deal in such articles, and you may obtain orders. Some houses take fancy articles on sale or return, but it is much better to sell to the firm if possible.

K. S.—(1) People in deep mourning would not be expected to attend a wedding even when invited. No guest should go wearing mourning, though there is not the same superstitious objection to black that formerly prevailed. (2) If the bridegroom is your personal friend it would be quite correct to address your present to him, though presents intended for dual use are generally addressed to the bride even by the bridegroom's friends.

Mollie Bann.—Advertisements for teachers for London County Council Schools will usually be found in the *L.C.C. Education Gazette*. Sometimes untrained teachers are eligible. The Education Offices of the L.C.C. are on Victoria Embankment, W.C.

Pibroch.—(1) Messrs. Dean and Son, Fleet Street, publish books on the management of domestic pets. That on Cats is by Dr. Gordon Stables. (2) Messrs. Hopwood and Crew and Messrs. Francis and Day issue books of songs set to music for the banjo, price 1s. and 1s. 6d. each. It is not usually the

highest class of verse that is intended for this instrument.

Vanity.—The most comfortable and useful aids to sight are spectacles, but they are certainly not decorative. The *pince-nez* is more popular with the young and smart, while the long-handled double eye-glasses are nice for occasional use. I have never seen a lady wear a single eye-glass. Where there is any irregularity of vision it will be necessary to consult an oculist, as unsuitable glasses would do more harm than good.

Maud.—(1) The redness of the hands is due to languid circulation; more muscular exercise would quicken the circulation and would, in time, whiten the hands. Have you ever tried gardening? By this I do not mean picking flowers, but doing gardener's work, digging, weeding, raking. There is no healthier work, it improves the strength, steadies the nervous system, and promotes hope and patience. I could tell you many instances of people who say they owe renewed health and happiness to the habit of doing an hour's hard work daily in the garden, prior to beginning the regular usages of the day. (2) Skin affections are more tedious to cure, once they have become established, than any other malady. Whatever improves the general health will tend to improve the skin also. Blackheads are fatty deposits in the pores which become discoloured from the action of the air. They can all be pressed out when they reach a certain stage in their development. A mild astringent, as one part hazeline to three parts water, should then be applied. A hot, quick sponge bath at night, and a cold plunge in the morning will improve the action of the skin, and, consequently, its condition. A pimply skin does not call for any outward application. Regular habits, moderation in eating and careful mastication of food are the best methods of treatment.

Cecilia.—One of our readers, E. A. H., sends you the following names of songs for a baritone voice, but she omits to mention publishers' names. "The Yeoman's Wedding," "Gipsy John," "Chorus, Gentlemen," "Ho, Jolly Jenkins," "Off to Philadelphia," "My Friend," "Thou'rt Passing Hence," "Son of Mine," "The Rebel," "The Old Plaid Shawl."

Dressmaker.—A first-class dressmaker charges as much as £200 for training an amateur. That would ensure a guarantee that the pupil would be rendered proficient in every department. Apprentices entering to give their services till fully trained would pay about £20 usually. A good dressmaker can make a very good living anywhere.

Querist.—The salary of a nurse in charge of a Cottage Hospital is usually about £1 per week, with residence, light, coals, etc. Sometimes milk, vegetables, and other items are supplied, but the main articles of her board the nurse procures for herself. In a larger hospital where she had nurses under her, the salary would be larger, but cottage hospitals are not generally extensive. The work is in some respects pleasanter than in a large hospital; the nurse has more freedom, but this increases her responsibility. The appointment is made by a local committee, to whom application should be made when a vacancy is likely to occur. Of course only a fully-qualified nurse would receive the appointment.

VERITY.

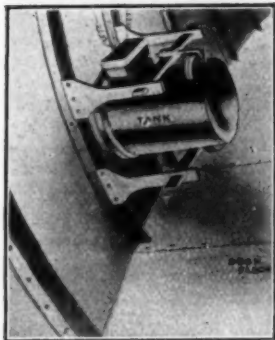
Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Submarine Signalling

THE system of submarine signalling by means of sound, described by Mr. J. B. Millet at the last meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects,



Tank fixed against the inside of a ship below the water-line, and containing apparatus for transmitting submarine signals to receivers in the pilot house.

promises to be of great value in navigation. Many experiments have been made with the view of providing sailors with a means of hearing signals sent to them through the sea, or possibly to hear the sound of surf on rocks. Without exception, all the methods devised have depended upon some telephonic electrical apparatus

attached to the outside of the ship or lowered overboard into the water. None of these plans has, however, been successful—partly because the noises in the ship itself overpowered the sounds of the signals, and partly because the direction from which the submarine signals were coming could not be ascertained. The fundamental novelty of the system described by Mr. Millet is that the sides of the ship are used as receivers of the signals. A small tank filled with a dense liquid is attached to each side of the ship. In this a transmitter is placed, and the sound collected is taken by wires to any part of the vessel. If the source of sound is on the port side, the signal will be detected by the instrument in the tank on the port side; if on the starboard side, the starboard instrument will be affected; if directly ahead, both instruments will be affected equally.

Repeated tests with bells in the open ocean have proved that a bell with a lip several inches thick, and having a high musical note, gives the best carrying sound in water, although such a bell is quite unsatisfactory in the air. Signals sent from bells of this kind have been detected at a distance of thirteen miles in any weather or sea, even when the ship containing the receiving device was going at full speed. Moreover, a little experience enables the direction of the submarine bell to be located within one-eighth of a compass point, whatever the distance. The new system should be of great service, and

to seafaring men generally it promises to reduce the chief dangers of navigation due to collisions or strandings through fog.

Luxuriance of Lowly Life

A PAPER by Mr. W. V. Burgess recently published by the Manchester Field Club directs attention to the apparently prodigal acts by which the continuance of lower forms of life is secured upon the earth. The common mackerel, for instance, produces five hundred thousand eggs, and remembering how vast are its shoals, it seems that if each egg came to maturity the ocean would soon be filled with mackerel. The common lobster lays during the summer months about twenty thousand eggs, the crayfish deposits more than a million, and the oyster lays nearly two millions. A naturalist recently counted above three thousand young oysters swimming about within the bivalves of their parent,

but only a small portion could survive. Certain simple forms of animal life, consisting usually of single cells, dredged from ocean depths, are so minute that eight millions of individuals can be contained in a space equal in bulk to that of a grain of mustard seed. The material called "polishing stone" is made up of the shells and valves of organisms so small



Bell with hammer moved by electric magnets, for submarine signalling. This bell has worked successfully for a year at a depth of sixty feet below the surface of the sea, near an exposed part of the Atlantic coast.

that one cubic inch contains the remains of more than one billion individuals. Mr. Burgess subjected to experiment a small fragment of the limestone of which all the hills around Jerusalem are composed; and he found that there could not have been less than one and a half million organisms in one cubic inch of the rock. The path from Bethany to the Holy City was thus once instinct with animation, and a new significance may be given to the rebuke, "I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

Science and Discovery

Primitive Planters

THE long bamboo poles held by the men in the accompanying illustration are used to drill holes for planting rice by the Coyunos, who occupy a little group of the Philippine Islands. The men, who work in a line, lift up the poles and drop them; and the force of the fall causes the pointed part at the end of the bend at the bottom to enter the ground in a slanting direction, to a depth of about an inch. The rebound occasioned by the spring in the crooked lower end causes the pole to jump upward, throw the dirt out of the hole made, and move forward to make a new hole. Women follow the men and drop a few grains of rice into each hole, and



PRIMITIVE DRILLS USED BY RICE PLANTERS
IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

children brush loose dirt over the grains by dragging branches of trees across the field. This method of planting may be regarded as the most primitive forerunner of the many-pointed seed-drill devised by Richard J. Gatling, the inventor of the rapid-firing Gatling gun. This drill combines in a single operation the work of twenty men and twenty women following the Philippine method of planting here illustrated. Mr. E. Y. Miller describes this primitive implement in the latest quarterly issue of papers published by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

The Preservation of Timber

NEW processes for strengthening timber or preventing its decay are continually being brought forward. The method usually adopted depends upon the withdrawal of the sap and the injection of creosote or other substances into the wood. Timber can be made incombustible, or at any rate incapable of sustaining and conveying flame, by subjecting it to heat in a high vacuum until the volatile and fermentable constituents have been withdrawn, and then forcing a fireproofing solution into the wood under hydraulic pressure. After timber treated in this way has been thoroughly impregnated with the salts from the solution, it is well dried, and is then practically fireproof. The Haskin process, on the contrary, retains the sap, but destroys its germinative principle. To procure this result the wood is placed in a heating chamber, and submitted to the action of superheated air at a pressure about fourteen times greater than the ordinary atmospheric pressure. The substances composing the sap are by this means chemically changed, and form an antiseptic mixture, which becomes consolidated with the fibre, thus strengthening and preserving the wood. Quite recently demonstrations have been given of the Powell process of treating timber with a solution of sugar. In this method the timber is boiled in a solution of beet sugar and then dried. The solution fills the pores of the wood, and is absorbed by the fibres, with the result that wood blocks treated by the process are no longer porous, so that pavements made from them should be more sanitary than those in present use. It is claimed that all woods subjected to this treatment are made tougher, heavier and more lasting, while the softer varieties become more useful and more ornamental when worked. After fresh and unseasoned timber has been put through the process it is ready for immediate use, as there is no danger from shrinking or warping.

A Remarkable Alloy

In many scientific instruments, and also in the more familiar metal machines and contrivances of ordinary life, the variations of size of the metal under varying temperatures often introduce undesirable complications. In summer weather, for instance, the pendulum of a clock which is not kept in a warm room is longer than during the cold winter months, so the clock loses unless the variation is compensated in some way. It has, however, been found by Dr. C. E. Guillaume that an alloy of steel containing thirty-six per cent. of nickel is practically unaffected by ordinary temperatures as regards expansion or contraction. Thus a rod of this metal, which is named invar—an abbreviation of invariable—about a yard long, only varies in length by $\frac{1}{175}$ th of an inch when heated through 212° Fahr., that is, through the same range of temperature as exists between the freezing and boiling points of water. A rod of brass of the

same length varies in length by about $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch when tested under precisely the same conditions. When invar is only exposed to ordinary temperatures no variation of length can be detected. The chief application to which the new alloy has been put hitherto is the measurement of long lines for surveys of great tracts of country. Ten years ago fifty surveyors determining the length of a fundamental line would advance at the rate of about a third of a mile a day with their large and heavy instruments, but using wires of invar ten men can measure accurately three miles a day across broken ground, cultivated land or rivers, and with much simpler instruments. The alloy has also been adopted by Swiss watchmakers for the balance-wheels of their best timepieces. It was with a pocket chronometer fitted with an invar balance that M. P. Ditisheim beat all records at Kew in 1903 with a total of 94.9 points, the previous best being 92.7. The compensation was awarded 19.7 points, the maximum of ideal perfection being 20. There are many other possible applications of invar, and by the discovery of this and other remarkable alloys Dr. Guillaume has given both science and industry a valuable means of progress.

Cuckoo Plants and Flowers

It is remarkable what a number of entirely different flowers bear the name of cuckoo. The early purple *orchis* is called in South Devon the cuckoo flower. So also the harebell and the lady's smock are called in other parts of England. The *arum* is often called cuckoo pint, and the delicate blue-veined wood sorrel is called cuckoo sorrel. The red campion is the gowky flower, gowk being a rustic word for cuckoo in many parts of the country. The explanation of so many different plants having cuckoo for an epithet can only be from their time of flowering being about that of the first appearance of the bird and its familiar notes.

Social Spiders

Most spiders live solitary lives, and although a male and female may set up housekeeping

together for a time, communities consisting of several spiders living in one nest are rarely seen. A nest of a species of social spider was for some time an object of interest in the London Zoological Gardens, and some observations upon the habits and life-history of a related species are described by Mr. N. S. Jambunathan in a paper just published by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. These spiders live in a nest of ramified net-work, with passage-ways connecting one part with another, and a number of outside openings. The accompanying picture shows a nest of this kind attached to the leaves of a tree, and Mr. Jambunathan standing by the side of it. Sometimes five or six nests are found built over the leaves of a prickly-pear tree with a number of connecting webs, by which inter-communication is established; and occa-



A TREE COVERED WITH THE NESTS AND WEBS OF SOCIAL SPIDERS

sionally a whole tree is so covered with the nests that the leaves are scarcely visible. The number of spiders in a nest varies from forty to one hundred, mostly males, but the females are the active workers in building and repairing the webs. When a victim is caught by the web, it is carried into the nest, and the spiders feast upon it together, the captors showing no resentment at others sharing their spoil. This feeding together, and the use of a common nest for a number of spiders—male and female—are characteristics not usually met with among creatures of the solitary kind; and though these social spiders do not show the perfect organisation found in communities of ants and bees, their habits are of great interest to naturalists, because they are so exceptional.



A Record Colonial Premier

MR. RICHARD SEDDON, Premier of New Zealand (or Maoriland—pronounced Moury-land, to rhyme with floury-land), has just celebrated his twelfth consecutive year of office as head of the Ministry. As he was a Minister in the Ballance Government, to which his own succeeded, he has been fourteen years continuously in office. In both these respects he has established a colonial record, which will be found, I think, standing unchallenged for many a day. And at this moment Mr. Seddon is preparing for a general election in which he is almost certain to be successful. At the last election he practically annihilated his opponents. Many attempts have been made to elucidate the reason of this unprecedented success.

Mr. Seddon, who is a man of the people, and who rose from the ranks, has great personal popularity, superabundant energy, any amount of common-sense, and plenty of courage. If he thinks that a certain measure is likely to prove successful, he promptly puts it through Parliament, utterly contemptuous of the objection that it is new and unprecedented. There never was a legislator with so little regard for "precedent." So his colony has Compulsory Land Purchase, State Fire and Life Insurance, a State coal mine, Compulsory Arbitration for Industrial disputes, and so on, most of which have justified his common-sense by their success.

He is a tremendous man to work, and his energy seems to overwhelm opposition.

Unfortunately, his fourteen years of office have thus dealt a severe blow at his health, and this is expected to compel him to retire soon. While he has been in office the colony has, principally by reason of frozen meat, established a fine over-sea trade, which has helped the Government a lot. Personally Mr. Seddon is widely popular. He is never called Mr. Seddon, by the way, but "Dick," "Old Dick," "Kumara Dick," "King Dick," and so on. Some time ago an agent approached some miners in his constituency and sounded them as to the chance an opposition candidate would have. As the agent tried to make his meaning clear, one miner exclaimed, "What, is Dick dead, then?" Needless to say, there was no opposition candidate.—F. S. S.

Securing a Bridegroom by Bribery

A NATIVE of Bangalore calls attention to the great difficulty at the present time of marrying Hindu girls, partly owing to the restricted number of possible bridegrooms within the caste limits. Other causes are also referred to, the main one being the rule that a girl must necessarily be married at an early age. This is supposed to be ordered by the Shastras, but the well-known Madras reformer, Mr. Raghunatha Row, has explained that the Shastras do *not* require that the girl must be given in marriage

by her guardians at any prescribed age. The result of the ordinary belief is that marriages in the Brahmin community have become very mercenary. Large sums are expended on the bridegroom and his family in order to bring about the marriages. In fact, in the case of rich people it is often a matter of bribery.

American Workmen Badly Educated

PROFESSOR PERRY, who has lately been visiting the machine shops of the United States, says in his report:—

"In America there is more chance for an inventor, for a clever workman; everybody welcomes a new thing, more systematic ways of doing old things. This atmosphere of discontent and of irreverence ought to produce far greater effects than it has done, but what can the most exhilarating atmosphere do upon badly-educated men?"

"It seemed to me that the best work in America was being done by men born and educated in England. In England the profits are greatly consumed by salaries paid to inefficient relatives of directors; in America there is almost nothing of this, but, unfortunately, in the last 20 years there has been so much unscientific trial and error, so much and repeated scrapping of obsolete machinery, that to give a decent dividend to shareholders it is necessary to charge customers twice as much for a thing—say, an electric unit—as we do in England.

"I looked round some of these great electric stations, perfect in detail, most expensively built, and wondered if scrapping had yet finished, if these great steam turbines would not have to make way for gas or oil turbines in a few years' time.

"America has gone ahead too fast; with her, electricity had very little competition with gas and other older systems, and as a result she has been much less cautious and economical than we in all sorts of ways. I think that we have been too cautious; we are too much afraid to try new ways of working. When a system is working well we discourage the man who wants to upset it, even if we see that he might improve it. On the whole, however, things have been made too easy for the American man. Agricultural and mining wealth of incalculable value have made it easy for any poor boy of energy to become rich. Consequently, boys and men are not educated so well as European boys. There are good school buildings, but poor teachers. In both primary and secondary schools small salaries are given, which com-

mand in most cases the services of women only. Millions are spent in bricks and mortar and apparatus in colleges, but the standard salary seems to be that of a tram-car conductor. The doctrine, 'One man is as good as another,' may be right enough from some points of view, but it has led to the most slipshod superficial kind of education that the world has ever seen.

"An electrician's scientific knowledge is just enough for his needs, and he is provided with this by a system of what is called technical or engineering education, altogether different from anything seen in England. In England we have the notion that if a man wishes to hit a target he must aim higher than the target. But the American has shown in the past such a power of quickly correcting widespread abuses that this need not be regarded as more than a temporary phenomenon."

The Passing of the Kanaka

ON the eastern side of Australia, in Queensland, an urgent native difficulty has emerged recently.

When it was decided by the Federal Parliament that only white labour should be used in the sugar plantations, it was also determined that the Kanakas, who have been for years imported from the Pacific, should be returned to their native islands.

There were many against this, averring that it was unfair to send men back to almost certain savagery after they had been so long under civilising and Christianising influences here, for without doubt the Kanakas of the sugar districts have improved a great deal since they came. Many of them have saved money and have comfortable little homes. There are some eighteen or twenty missionaries at work amongst them, and last year the average weekly attendance at classes was over 6000.

On the other hand, there were not lacking those who declared that if the Kanaka had so much improved, it would be a fine thing for him to return and carry his civilisation with him.

Possibly these good people forgot that he is little more than a child in many things, and that there is a great risk always of the black man slipping back to heathenism.

The whole question has, however, now been brought before the public by a very ugly incident that has taken place in connexion with the deportation of a shipload of these men.

It has been clearly proved that at least one native was landed without due precaution on

Over-Sea Notes

an island, where he was immediately tomahawked for the spoil of his few possessions.

Attempts were of course made to hush this up, but a searching inquiry has established the facts, and the matter will not be permitted to rest at this stage. We cannot allow the stigma of murder to remain upon us.

Esquimau Games

So far from being gloomy because of their dreary surroundings and their long nights, Esquimau children are particularly bright and lively and full of mischief and play. One of their pastimes in winter is to dance to the Northern Lights.

They wear deerskin mittens; and, when they sing their song to the Aurora Borealis and dance with it, they frequently attach the tail of a blue or white fox to their belt behind.

Each dancer clenches his fists, and, bending the elbows, strikes them against the sides of the body, keeping time to a song and stamping vigorously with the right foot while springing up and down with the left knee. The song has a large number of stanzas and begins *Kioya ke, kioya ke*, which means "Hail to the Northern Lights."

In winter the Point Barrow children have a snowball game which they play with their feet. They wet some snow and make a ball about as big as two fists. The cold is so intense that the ball immediately becomes solid ice.

Then the player balances the ball on the toes of one foot, and with a kick and a jump throws it to the other foot, which catches it and throws it back. Some of the players are so expert that they will keep this up for a number of strokes without letting the ball fall to the ground.

The children of this tip-end of Uncle Sam's land also amuse themselves in winter by sliding down the steep banks of frozen snow which form under the cliffs along the shores of the frozen sea. They use no sleds or toboggans, not even boards, in this sport, but slide down the steep declivities on their knees.

Kneeling down and sitting well back, with their hands grasping their ankles, they go shooting along down great steep hills of snow, laughing and shouting, and now and then losing their balance and getting a tumble which sends them rolling in a heap to the foot of the snow hill.

Both boys and girls at Point Barrow are fond of playing football, but they seem to have no order or system. They simply get an old mitten or old boot, and stuff it with bits of waste deer-

skin or rags, and then kick it about with merry shouts and in great confusion.

The children are very fond of dancing; and, if they can get hold of an old tin can which some whaler has left, they are happy. Beating the tin can for a drum, they improvise dances for themselves and invent songs to accompany them.—*New York Sun*.

New Zealand Bounty on Apples

THE New Zealand Government has decided to guarantee one penny net return per lb. on shipments of apples from that colony to London this season. For the purposes of this guarantee each shipment will be regarded as one lot. The quantity must be large enough to fill the chamber of the ship. The grading and packing must be done under the Department of Agriculture. Shippers will have to make all arrangements for collection, shipment, receiving in London, sales, etc.

Daring Stock-drovers

THERE lives, in the far-away back-blocks of Australia, a race of men who, in a way, well deserve the title of hero. They are the drovers who take the mobs of practically wild cattle from one station to another, often across half a continent. At the time of writing, a small band of drovers and stockmen is bringing a mob of five thousand bullocks right across the top half of Australia, from West Australia to Queensland. A goodly portion of their journey will be across country as yet untravelled by white men, and the trip will occupy the best part of a year. But the drovers are all well mounted and well provisioned, and it is pretty certain that they will complete their trip without any material loss.

The greater part of the northern portion of South Australia is practically unsettled. There are a few large cattle stations, but one can ride day after day without meeting a fence; and the same thing can be said of north-western Queensland. Sometimes a large mob of fat cattle from the far north, embracing as many as two or three thousand beasts, is sent down south to the Sydney and Melbourne markets. This, too, is a journey of some months; and it is amazing the manner in which the drovers cross rivers, sandy plains, etc., without hardly ever losing a hoof.

These western drovers are a splendid body of men—tall, bronzed, loose-limbed, and hardy, and with absolutely nothing of the desperado in their composition.—*F. S. S.*

VARIETIES

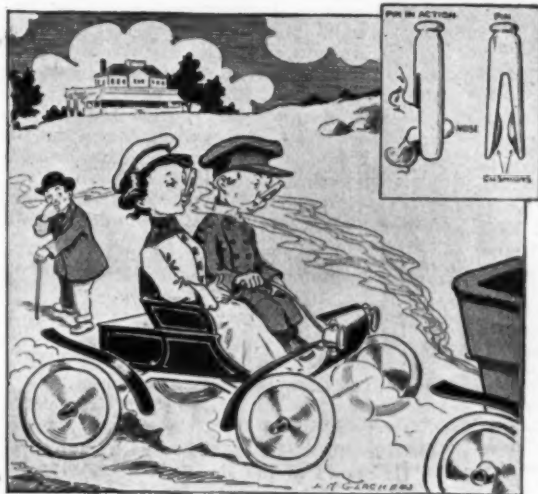
THE Chinese keep and train crickets to fight, large sums being wagered on the results of the matches.

It is said that the Poor's Box is about the only piece of Church furniture over which the religious bodies have not quarrelled.

WE do not hear that our forefathers suffered in health or spirits because they were not for ever packing their trunks and rushing abroad.

ENGLISH wool stands to-day at a higher price than for very many years past, and it is still rising. The flock owners are naturally rejoicing.

BARBER: "How do you want the little fellow's hair cut, Mr. Balder?" Johnnie Balder: "I want mine cut like papa's with a hole on top."



THE AUTO MO NOSE-GUARD

By permission from the New York "Puck"

MANY a man in love with only a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl—a mistake that is the cause of many unhappy marriages.

IN the tropics fireflies are so numerous and brilliant that people obtain sufficient light to see by, by simply putting several in a little wicker cage made for the purpose.

MOTHER: "Willie, run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning." Willie (a little later): "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

The Pleasant Art of Photography made Easy (1s. and 1s. 6d., Guilbert Pitman, Publisher) is the title of a book we have received, with a request for a notice. We find it just the thing to put into the hands of beginners. Pleasantly written, it progresses gradually from one step to another, pointing out difficulties and in plain language telling the beginner how to overcome them. It is a clear and concise guide to the simpler branches of Photography.

Borrowing Cheaper than Marrying

TENNYSON once attended a dinner where G. L. Craik proposed "The Ladies." In doing so he recalled the cynical advice given by a brother Soot to his children: "Tak my advice and dinna marry for siller. You can borrow cheaper." Some time later Tennyson at his own table repeated Mr. Craik's story, but expressed the idea without attempting dialect. His son Hallam remarked, "Surely, father, Craik did not use those words." "No, he did not. But, then, Craik is a Scotsman, and I am afraid to venture on repeating him exactly. However, it's almost as good in English as in Scotch, and it's tremendously true in both."

Why always "Bill"?

HE was a politician who took a great interest in the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. She had to listen to many prosy lectures in consequence. Their little daughter, Annie, aged eight, was a listener at most of these lectures. One day he was longer and more emphatic than usual. "The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill" is this. "The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill" is that, etc., etc. Annie was distressed and puzzled. Her eyebrows went up. The corners of her mouth drooped. Her forehead puckered. Then her small voice was raised questioningly: "Father, why is the Deceased Wife's Sister always called Bill?"

The Sheltering Oak

IT was on a corridor train going south. Among the passengers was a newly-married couple, who made themselves known to such an extent that the occupants of the carriage commenced whispering and sniggering. The bride and groom stood the remarks for some time, but finally the latter, who was a man of tremendous size, broke out at his tormentors:—"Yes, we're married—just married. We are going one hundred and sixty miles further, and I am going to 'spoon' all the way. If you don't like it you can get out and walk. She's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak."

Varieties

Blunders of the Poets

WE have received the following interesting letters with regard to the article on the above subject, written by Mr. Henry Osborne, M.A., in a recent number—

Mr. George Tarrant, Cosham, Woodman to H.M. Commissioners of Woods and Forests, writes:

"Your contributor is hardly correct in his statement that all timber felling is done in December and January, as nearly all oak timber is felled in April and May for the sake of the bark, which can only be taken off in the spring when the sap rises. There is also much work afterwards with the axe in cutting up the lop for firewood, and in our neighbourhood men are often employed in this way all the summer; so it is quite possible Mrs. Hemans may have seen the woodmen at work in harvest. In our woods we also fell larch fir at all seasons if required.

"In the case of Longfellow's poem, the latch of a door is sometimes put the reverse from the usual way (I have two such at my cottage), or the Slaver might have stood with the door partly open in the act of leaving; so I think that can hardly be regarded as a poetical blunder."

Bee-Keeper writes:

"I write to suggest that Shakespeare is not quite so immaculate as the writer of the article would have us believe. One of the subjects said to be treated by Shakespeare with 'faultless accuracy' is that of bees. Now, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. i., Titania gives certain orders to her fairies, in which occur the following lines:—

'The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes.'

Here Shakespeare has evidently mistaken for wax the pollen that bees gather from flower-stamens, and carry into the hive on their hind-legs, wax being a secretion produced in the body of the bee, and not gathered.

"Again, the well-known passage about bees in *Henry the Fifth*, Act I. sc. ii., represents the head of the swarm as a male, this mistake in sex being too egregious to need comment!"

Mrs. Algie, Togher House, Hollymount, co. Mayo, writes:

"Has any one noticed the blunder in 'The Battle of the League,' by Macaulay, viz.:

'A thousand spurs are striking deep,
A thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close
Behind the snow-white crest.'

Had each knight only one spur?"

W. Willis, Chacombe, near Banbury, writes:

"Mr. Osborne, quoting these lines from Longfellow—

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'The Planter under his roof of thatch
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go,'

says, 'Now the Slaver is inside the Planter's hut, but the part of the latch on which the thumb is placed is always on the outside.'

"May I point out that this is not necessarily so—all depends upon whether the door opens outwards or inwards; if outwards, then 'the part of the latch on which the thumb is placed' is on the inside. This is not often the case in dwelling-houses, but in coal-sheds and other out-buildings you will frequently notice it."

Alice M. Finny, 36, Merrion Square, Dublin, writes:

"Speaking of a horse, Mr. Osborne says that it is 'a physical impossibility for a horse to move both legs on the near or off side together.' This argues a want of observation. The fast American 'trotters' progress nearly always in this manner; the two legs moving at one side produce a greater speed than can be obtained by the ordinary trotting motion. Very frequently small ponies move in this manner, and I have noticed horses do it when very tired. It is a most uncomfortable gait for riding purposes.

"Again, Mr. Osborne refers to Longfellow's lines about 'The Slaver's thumb was on the latch.' Would it not be quite natural to lift the latch from within with the thumb as well as any other finger? If it were at any height on the door one would instinctively do so."

E. M. Johnstone, 2, Marchhall Road, Edinburgh, points out some other errors of the poets.

"Tennyson writes:

'The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee.'
I believe swallows do not hunt for bees.

"Keats wrote:

'Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific.'

And everybody knows that Cortez was not the person who stared at the Pacific.

"Could not some one write on the extraordinary fidelity the poets display in their observation of Nature?

'When rosy plumelets tuft the larch.'
'The little speedwell's darling blue.'
'The flowers pull sideways.'
'Globes of clover.'

'Daffodils and the green world they live in.'

Every evening in June of this year I have been reminded of

'Yonder amber light
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on
the height.'

Japanese Idea of Duty

A MINE exploded under the cruiser *Ta-kasago* and the vessel was clearly destined to sink. The crew, 300 in number, were all summoned upon deck, where the captain first told them to put on their life-belts, and then gave an opinion that it was their duty to remain on the ship till it sank. The whole crew acquiesced, and, after singing the National Anthem and cheering the Emperor, they sat down on the deck, and waited for the ship to go down. Only 140 of the brave crew were saved.

DEAN FIGOU declared that on one occasion when he was preaching to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, his congregation had been nearly asleep until his text woke them at once to full attention and interest. The words were, "The voice of the turtle is heard in our land!"



BREAKING IN

Office Boy: Kin I have a week's vacation?
His Employer: Why, you've only been here two days.
Office Boy: Yes; but after I gits used ter de job, maybe I kin stand it longer.

(From New York Puck. By permission.)

maintained during the last thirty years, have sufficed to meet the future increased coal requirements of another century.

Our Coal Supply

THE result of the Coal Commission's investigations shows an addition of about 10,000 million tons in respect of new areas. This quantity, when added to the former Commission's estimate of 90,000 million tons, makes up roundly the 100,000 million tons which the last commission estimates as the present available coal resources of the United Kingdom. The Commission, however, has omitted from its estimate the 40,000 million tons which the former Commission estimated as the total available coal at workable depths in the unproved areas, now considered only as probable and speculative sources of future supply. The omission of 40,000 million tons is a very serious one, as its retention would, at the average rate of increase of coal output

Astronomical Notes for September

THE Sun will be vertical over the Equator about 5 o'clock in the evening (Greenwich time) on the 23rd of this month, which is therefore the day of the autumnal equinox. He rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 5h. 14m. in the morning on the 1st day, and sets at 6h. 46m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 5h. 30m. and sets at 6h. 23m., and on the 21st rises at 5h. 46m. and sets at 6h. 1m. At the beginning of the month the Sun is on the meridian at 12 o'clock; afterwards by an increasing amount before it, which is about 10 minutes at the end of the month. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases will be: First Quarter at 4h. 9m. on the morning of the 6th; Full at 6h. 10m. on the evening of the 13th; Last Quarter at 10h. 14m. on the night of the 21st; and New at 10h. 0m. on that of the 28th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about a quarter-past 11 o'clock on the morning of the 1st; in apogee, or furthest from us, about half-past 4 on the morning of the 17th; and in perigee again about a quarter-past 5 on the evening of the 29th. No eclipses are due this month. The Moon will pass over the scattered cluster

called the Hyades (to the south-east of the Pleiades), in the constellation Taurus, on the night of the 19th, and will occult its largest star, Aldebaran, on the morning of the 20th, but some time after sunrise, so that the phenomenon will be visible only with a large telescope. The planet Mercury is at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 15th, and visible in the morning from about the 8th to the 21st, situated in the western part of the constellation Leo. Venus rises a little later each morning, and moves during the month from the constellation Cancer into Leo, passing very near its brightest star Regulus on the 26th. Mars is in Scorpio, and sets earlier each evening; he will be near Antares on the 4th, the red planet being about two degrees to the north of the red star. Jupiter continues to increase in brilliancy in the morning, and is almost stationary amongst the stars in the eastern part of Taurus; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 20th, about 2 o'clock. Saturn is in the western part of Aquarius; due south at 11 o'clock at night on the 7th and at 10 o'clock on the 21st. — W. T. LYNN.

Our Chess Page

PROBLEM TOURNEY

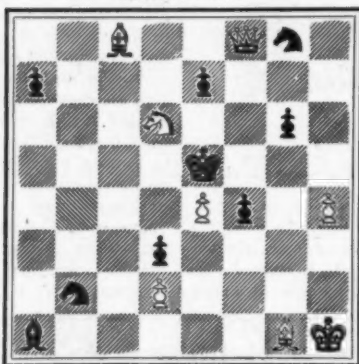
THIS has proved to be one of the most successful of our Tourneys, and we hope to give the results of this and of the Solving Competitions next month.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the two problems published without examination in May (Nos. 14 and 15, p. 612)—both by expert composers—have proved to be unsound. It is, however, interesting to note that both problems were highly eulogised by many solvers, and in the case of No. 14, "*Imprimatur*," only two of our correspondents discovered the flaw.

The two following problems will be of interest to our Chess readers.

"*Sif*" I.

BLACK—9 MEN

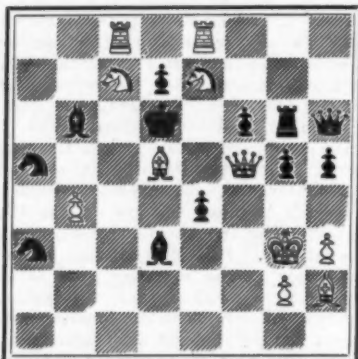


WHITE—8 MEN

White to move and mate in three moves

"*Cavalier Noir.*"

BLACK—12 MEN



WHITE—11 MEN

White to move and mate in two moves.

976

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

(Key-moves only.)

No. 14. *Imprimatur*. B—Q 2 (cooked by Q × P ch).

No. 15. *Chestnut*. K—K 3 (cooked by Kt—R 7 ch).

Solutions received from:—

Problems Nos. 11—13: MISS A. ADAMS, E. ATFIELD, F. W. ATCHINSON, J. BLAND, A. G. BRADLEY, H. H. CLEAVER, EUGENE HENRY, R. E. L., CHARLES SALT, and J. TAYLOR.

Nos. 11—15: H. BALSON, T. H. BILLINGTON, G. BREAKWELL, S. W. FRANCIS, C. HINDELANG, C. V. HOWARD, W. B. MUIR, E. THOMPSTONE and J. D. TUCKER.

Nos. 12—15: E. M. DAVEY and W. F. H. POOCK.

Nos. 14 and 15: COL. FORBES, W. HOGARTH, LILIAN JAMES, H. STRONG, R. G. THOMSON, and DAVID WALKER.

Nos. 12, 14, and 15: A. J. HEAD.

Nos. 11—13 and 15: J. A. ROBERTS.

No. 15: R. C. MANKOWSKI.

N. B.—Only H. STRONG and D. WALKER gave the cook in No. 14 (Q × P ch); T. H. BILLINGTON, E. M. DAVEY, S. W. FRANCIS, COL. FORBES, C. HINDELANG, W. HOGARTH, W. F. H. POOCK, H. STRONG, and R. G. THOMSON gave the cook in No. 15 (Kt—B 7 ch).

A few expert solvers gave Q—B 7 as key to No. 11, but this is met by P—Kt 4, followed by Kt—B 5.

Others again asserted that P—Kt 5—the true solution—could be defeated by P—B 4, etc., overlooking 2 Q—Kt 4 ch, etc.

Retractor No. III. S. W. FRANCIS and CHARLES SALT.

Correspondence Match.

Up to the time of going to press the score is six to one in our favour.

Let us hope that this excellent record will be maintained, but judging from some of the positions we have seen we have our doubts!

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "*The Leisure Hour*," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope.

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A PIT WORKER



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What He Says.

Mr. David D. Davies (Collier), Sunny Bank House, Aberdare, South Wales, writes:—"I beg to tender my sincerest thanks to the great benefit your Phosferine has been to me and my family. I have always suffered with a dry hacking cough, the least cold I get, and have tried several cough medicines, but with no effect. My daughter, who is very weak, bought a bottle of your Phosferine, which she found did her a great deal of good, and one day my cough was very bad I tried a dose which gave me instant relief. I kept taking it (which was for a short time), I found my cough completely gone. My wife also takes it and finds it very beneficial, she has to work very hard, and if it was not for Phosferine she could not do any work very often. If this should be of any use towards benefiting any other person, I shall only be too pleased to let them know of it. You can make what use you like of this letter."—October 6, 1904.

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This seems to be a simple, and at the same time just—perhaps generous—way by which many labour disputes might be avoided, and as we are assured by the Directors that the savings made fully justify the bonus, which will increase according to the prosperity of the Company, we cannot help highly commending the action of Messrs. John Knight & Sons, Ltd.—a house whose experience extends to close on one hundred years—to other firms whose failure to grapple with such problems has often cost very dear.

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